THE

HERMIT IN LONDON;

OR,

SKETCHES

OF

ENGLISH MANNERS.

'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

Chaque âge a ses plaisirs, son esprit, et ses usages.

BOILEAU.

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THE

HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. LXXXIX.

A QUALITY SCHOLAR AND ORATOR.

" Many a lad returns from school
A Latin, Greek and Hebrew fool;
In arts and knowledge still a block,
Though deeply skilled in hic, hæc, hoc."

YONGE.*

CONTENTS OF VOL. V.

N°. LXXXIX. — Page

A Quality Scholar and Orator 1

XC.

An Alarmist 11

XCI.

Discoveries 21

XCII.

Street Nuisances 31

XCIII.

Rigid Economy 41

XCIV.

Borrowing 53

XCV.

Borrowing 69

XCVI.

Borrowing 87

XCVII.

Art versus Nature 99

XCVIII. Page
Dangers of too Lively an Imagination.... 109
XCIX.
Come to a Fortune 121
C.
A Masquerade Scene 129
CI.
The Morning Call 143
CII.
The Natural Child 155
CIII.
Patch Work 165
CIV.
A Morning in High Life.............. 177
CV.
A Scene in the Drama of Life............ 191
CVI.
Courage 201
CVII.
Scottish Discreetness 215
CVIII.
Leaving Town 225
CIX.
London Deserted....................... 235

A QUALITY SCHOLAR AND ORATOR.

I CALLED upon my friend, the young member, one morning for a frank. I found him *en robe de chambre*, surrounded with charts, globes, papers and books, amongst which were proceedings of both houses of parliament, law books, history and classics. Something written in short-hand lay before him, and a runner to one of the Editors of a Newspaper was receiving his orders and a parcel. Lots of franks were around him, and he seemed exhausted with study. All this struck me as rather new. At Oxford he was thought a gay dissipated young

man; yet on one occasion, he wrote a splendid thesis, and was second-best at the prize Latin oration.

"You are over-hurried, Charles," said I, "and can have no franks to spare; so I will call another time." "Not at all, my dear friend," said he; "I'll date the frank for to-morrow; and if you will sit down, I will be with you immediately. I am indeed fatigued to death. Letters from my constituents pour in like hailstones; and I have been planning something very beneficial to the state. By the bye, come down to the house to-day, and you will hear what will please you."

He now left me to my meditations, during which time, a servant fetched a number of books of reference, and I overheard my beardless, senatorial friend declaiming in the next room. My first reflection was, that, elate with his green parliamentary honours, he had given more than his number of franks for a week to come, and that mine would not go free. It turned out exactly so.

I now examined the books. What a list! — Cicero, Demosthenes, Plato, Horace, Juvenal, Burke on the Beautiful and Sublime, Shakespear and Junius! besides Montesquieu and Des Cartes, Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, and a jest book! what a contrast! That my friend was no Greek scholar, I knew of old; but in the Greek authors, slips of paper containing an English translation were inserted. The other authors had their leaves dog's-eared, as we called it at school, and had lines made, with red ink, under different striking passages. "No bad plan," thought I, "to assist memory." On the maps which lay open on the table, pins were placed in rows, in order to point out the tract of country alluded to.

After amusing myself for a long hour, my friend appeared, with a very elate and confident air. He apologized for his delay, talked of the pressure of business, looked important, cast a lingering glance at his looking-glass as he left the room, and we proceeded to the house together. As he went along, he read over some notes, and con-

versed in parliamentary language; such as, disposing of the previous question, the simultaneous movement of continental powers, the order of the day, existing circumstances, imperious necessity, &c. until we at last arrived.

He smiled content, when he was accosted as one of the House. He took his seat with as much ease, as if he had had a septennial lease of it, nodded to friends, cast an eye up to the gallery, looked anxious, and at last rose to speak. I now perceived a significant glance given and returned, by a gentleman in black near me.

The honourable member spoke at some length, but did not excite general interest. A few friends, however, spouted a supporting "hear! hear!" not undisturbed by coughing. The gentleman in black looked anxious; he drew near me;—"He makes a very good appearance for so young a man." "Yes, indeed," replied I, "a good deal of classic knowledge," rejoined he. "Truly indeed," said I. "Much general reading," added he again. "And a very laboured

speech," replied I. Humph! quoth the clergyman; for I now found him such. "A young man who has read a great deal," observed he. My friend now made a quotation which I remembered in his thesis. I mentioned it to the clergyman, who said in answer, "He was a man of early promise." He now quoted Juvenal. "Bravo," exultingly cried the friend, his face all beaming with hope.

I thought that I had seen the countenance somewhere; and I asked if he was a relation, to which he answered in the negative, adding, "but I am more, I am a very early and sincere friend of his."—The speaker now made a geographical blunder: "Pish!" cried his friend. But none of the house observed it. The attention of the majority was not engaged,—I mean the majority, not in politics, but in numbers: the other learned members did not perceive it: the clergyman looked consoled. He made a blunder in a quotation: his friend blushed, and bit his lip. However, the speech now came to a close; and our black coat withdrew.

"Doctor Polylogue! your most obedient," said another black coat, as he passed him. I now recollected my man. He had been private tutor to my friend at college, and had travelled with him, for which he has an annuity. He also got a living from the young member's uncle. The whole secret was now unravelled!—I recognized the hand-writing of the Greek translations; and perceived that the tutor had just been giving his lesson to his pupil, previous to his going down to the house. The short-hand-writer was employed to note down the speech, and the Editor's runner called to take the materials for a puff. The Reverend has great hopes of his patron's shining, and still greater expectation of getting promotion, through the large property, and extensive interest of the family, and its connections. When the scholar made a blunder, it was natural for the tutor to look confused; just as it was nothing surprising to see him exult in the expertness of his young Tyro.

Although the privilege of proxy belongs alone to the upper house, yet the practice

may thus be indirectly applied to the lower one. We have many authors and senators behind the curtain, who lend out their abilities to riches and power; and, thus, in more instances than the present one, is the character of eloquence acquired, and the author's wreath worn by him who never earned it. Our tutored members, however, seldom or never speak in reply; and our nominal authors as seldom allow themselves to be drawn into oral argument; whilst the secret hand may aspire, at a future period, to lawn sleeves, and to taking his seat quietly in the upper house.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XC.

AN ALARMIST.

"Some love to roar the Constitution's broke;
And others on the nation's debts to joke."

BRAMSTON.

AN ALARMIST.

I WAS sitting over my cup of chocolate and my Newspaper, reading the latter with great attention, and making reflections on almost all that it contained, when a very hasty knock came to my door, and Sir Marmaduke Oldfield suddenly bolted into my room.

"Your servant, Sir Marmaduke," said I, "Your's, my dear friend," replied he; "I am come to take leave of you; I have just got my passports; I'm off for America! positively off! I have barely a chance to save the wreck of my fortune, and my national character, and that's all. I shall convert my estates into money; I have no confidence

in the funds, nor in the country; we are all ruined; things cannot remain as they are; a revolution is inevitable; there must be a national bankruptcy, and then we shall have the whole continent in an uproar. I would go to France, but that country will be revolutionized first. As to us, we shall be swallowed up by America; and where I am to go then, I know not. The cord is drawn too tight; it must break: the subject is weighed down by taxes; he must sink: corruption is at it's height; and gangrene must ensue."

I begged him to be calm, and not to indulge in tropes and figures, or in those demagoguish allegories which compose the rant of desperate men, but to tell me if any private or personal injury decided him thus to expatriate himself.

He replied in the negative. "But," continued he, "what can save us? The very interest of our national debt, like one *imperium in imperio*, is a national debt of itself. We are taxed as far as taxation will go; and there will soon be but two

classes, the rich and powerful, the poor and desperate; now, as the latter are more numerous than the former, they will rise and devour us. So that to save my small income (two thousand per annum) I must convert it into specie, and emigrate. Besides, what advantage is there in remaining here? Europe is convulsed; the world is turned upside down; we have earthquakes in the north of Scotland: we are getting more presumptuous and blasphemous every day; and it is only our quadrupeds, now, that exercise the faculties of intellect, which we used to deem exclusively the characteristic of man. Can any thing be more irreligious than our dramatic representations, enough to raise the devil?"—" (No, no, interrupted I, only to raise the wind.")—" and our steamboats! there's presumption! and our gas lights, by which we shall be all blown up one of these days! and the Hottentot Venus——enough to bring bad luck to the country! and above all the Flying man——a second Dædalus! *Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia.* What we are to come to next, I

know not. My constitution is already (like that of the country) vitally shaken. I am poisoned by the baker, the grocer, the brewer and the wine-merchant; and cheated by every other tradesman, in order that he may speedily keep his carriage. The ground stone, and calcined bones, which are mixed up with allum and potatoes in my bread, give me the gravel, and my stomach and viscera are ruined by my brewer and wine-merchant, who distil their slow poisons for my diurnal beverage. Then the climate is altered; and the times are altered; and things are altered; and I feel every day growing so old (at seventy!), that I tremble for the remnant of my constitution."

"Are you sure that America will agree with you?" said I. "I hope so; but any change must be for the better. The times are so degenerate, and the price of provisions is so high, that one runs a daily risk of being robbed, murdered, or starved." "That's hard indeed," observed I.— "True; but such is the case! Therefore farewell, my dear friend! You would do

well to follow me." "Not I," exclaimed I, laughing. "Well, as you please; but you may think otherwise when it is too late. Farewell; adieu! Poor old England."

He fled like a dream, and I could scarcely believe the testimony of my ears and eyes. Is he mad thought I?—No.—Or drunk?—The soberest man in the world. I sat down to think. I got grave, and began to feel quite low spirited, until a relation called in—a man about his own age; and he assured me, that he had held precisely the same language forty years ago, during the American war. "A national bankruptcy, infallible ruin, and poor old England!" The fact is, that the Baronet is a disappointed man. Early in life, he was crossed in love, and then determined to lead a bachelor's life. He was also thrown out in an election, which hurt his pride as much as the former circumstance. From that moment, he became a violent anti-ministerialist; and although no man is severer than himself on his tenants and his domestics, in enforcing the game laws, and in every thing

where his property is affected, yet no one is a greater stickler for the rights of the people, against the two other branches of the Legislature. Confined in intellectual power, and of idle habits, he is made the tool of artful and designing men, who know how to flatter his vanity, and to make use of his resources. And at this very moment, a wild speculator wants him to transport his fortune to America, for the sole purpose of becoming his agent, and embezzling as much of his wealth as possible.

I was now quite cured of the malady which the alarmist had created, and I reflected, that upon sounding the histories of these malcontents, similar disclosures generally took place. I therefore contentedly left the Baronet to admire the nodding forests and spacious lakes of North America, to gaze on the romantic falls of the Niagara, and to be lost in contemplating the extent of the river St. Laurence; confining myself to stacks of chimnies in Pall Mall and trees in the Green Park, and never desiring to see a larger river than the Thames,

nor to proceed further on it than up to Richmond bridge, where a band of music will please me better than all the Canadian boat-songs which ever were sung; where there are no rapids; and where the rich borders of the silver stream form a prospect quite grand enough for the taste of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XCI.

DISCOVERIES.

" At every word a reputation dies."

POPE.

DISCOVERIES.

"YOU'RE a deep old file," said my impudent rattle-brained nephew, the guardsman, on entering my apartment the other day. "You never told me a word about Lady Sentiment's match with her son's tutor; but I discovered it; and I have made a number of other discoveries. I have found out that Mrs. Willoughby paints both white and red; and that Lady Birmingham is a complete counterfeit, and wears not only false hair, but an entire row of false teeth. I have found out that Sir Brilliant Bellamy lives by play; that Lord John Cavison supports his establishment by horse-dealing; that the General is pensioned on a dowager;

and that the Reverend Doctor Orthodox lives by dealing in rare books. Mercy, what a number of ways and means our fashoinable ones have! The minister's budget is a joke to it.

"But, I say, how came you not to let me into the secret of this clandestine match?" "Why, nephew," replied I, "because I was made a confidante in the business, — because I never commit a breach of trust, — because you are such a sieve that there's no dependance on you, — and, finally, because I would always rather listen and observe, than converse, and take the lead in company."

"It's the devil's own match," exclaimed the young gentleman. "I have hated the whole race of Tutors ever since I was at college. They are cursedly knowing chaps; all modesty and propriety; all sentiment and declamation; sententious observation and sonorous reading. Yet they have a nose like a pointer, for a turbot, or a haunch of venison; and an eye like a hawk's for a deformed heiress, or a lively widow. These

fellows are the sappers and miners of families, and a good deal more dangerous in their black coats than we are in our scarlet ones. These black cattle eat up the fruits of the earth, sip the sweets unperceived, cut the grass under our feet, and "—

Here I stopped him. "You are too severe and unjust towards the clergy," said I. "Not at all; I only mean the preceptors and family Chaplains," continued he: "I have no patience with them. These are your readers with pathos, your reciters of voyages and travels, your amusing tellers of stories, your climbers up into trees to get fruit for the children, your cutters of sticks in woods,—fellows, whose unruffled tempers put up with refusals and slights, whose patience can stand a whole day's angling in a punt, without a nibble, and who pass whole mornings in baiting a hook for the widow, or in drawing patterns for Miss Harriet, poor girl! who is so plain, that the parson is her only chance at last. These are they, who give the arm to a maiden aunt, and, when she is cut by all the beaux, support

her ill graces in a country dance, or tickle her ear with flattery at dinner time,—until my aunt thinks wedlock an honourable estate, and so takes her twenty thousand pounds out of her family, and brings it into that of the *Domine*."

Here I interrupted him. "Pray," said I, "let us have a change of subject. Whence have you derived your discoveries respecting false teeth, and rouge, and artificial hair, and ways and means, with all these town secrets divulged to you at so early an age?" "Why I got them" said he, (combing his hair at a glass), "from the ladies. A good looking fellow may find out any thing he pleases; and I have now got such data to go upon, that I can tell you when a woman rouges, or wears false teeth, without examining her age; and whether a man goes to the opera with a subscriber's ticket, or to his own box, or with his money in his hand, or with an order, and many other things well worth knowing."—"*You* are vastly clever," said I; "but pray let *me* into the secret."

"Well, first of all, you must know," said

he, " that if a woman have artificial teeth, she will no more go near a dentist's with you, nor have her carriage stand at his door, than a dog afflicted with hydrophobia will approach a basin of water; whereas a woman who has a fine set of teeth, is ever on the broad grin, and is delighted to take you to Ruspini's, that he may pass his compliments on them, and say that he never saw such a set, and how little want she has of him. The dentist attends the other lady privately!

" A woman who paints, will never call with you at a perfumer's, lest you suspect her of going there for rouge; and she is careful how she gets too warm, and leaves you to admire her complexion; whereas the lady with natural rosy cheeks, is always complaining how high her colour is, and wishing it was less so; and when returning from a ride, admires herself in the glass, and cries, " what can make me look so red? I'm quite like a country girl — a mere blowse! what a state my hair is in, and what a farm-yard colour! I am quite

ashamed of myself!" Yet she is well convinced that her glossy tresses are most attractive, and that she is envied by half the women of her acquaintance, for her transcendant bloom.

"At the opera, a subscriber walks in with an air of being at home, of confidence and of consequence. He considers his box, or his share therein, as a passport to fashionable life, and he carries his head high above the crowd. The holder of a transferred ticket enters with minor importance. He has a certain air of complaisance about him, and an anxiety to be thought the actual subscriber; he looks less at home than the other man, who knows every thing by heart, and is an habitual attendant of the place. The ready-money man looks independent, but quite strange. His enquiring eye examines every thing, as if to get all that he can for his money. He probably goes but seldom, and is but half at home. The bearer of an order has an air of secrecy, of mystery and of modesty, quite peculiar to the circumstances of his admission. He

enters with the greatest privacy. If accustomed to the theatre, this person becomes quite at home when once seated, and is apt to explain for country gentlemen; but if it be a first appearance, silence and modesty characterize the whole of his behaviour."

He was now going to proceed with a detail of his ways-and-means acquaintances; but I stopped him. An engagement interfered, and we parted for that day. It might be supposed from his boasted experience, that being familiar with all the snares in town, he would be able to escape every one; but the very reverse is the case: he is the dupe of both sexes; though he fancies himself infinitely too clever to be benefited by the advice and experience of his friend

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XCII.

STREET NUISANCES.

" Where, where, degenerate countrymen, how high
Will your fond folly and your madness fly ?"

GARTH.

STREET NUISANCES.

My Cousin Marmaduke is of the old school. He was once like other men, young and fond of pleasure; but he has quite forgotten that era, and he fain would persuade you that the race of men is perfectly changed, and that there were no Exquisites, Dandies, or Ruffians, in his days. There were none by the same name, I'll allow; but he might as well try to convince us that there were no gamesters, no women of gallantry, no horse racers, no money lenders, no debts, and no hard drinking.

The last time I saw him, his great complaint was of Street Nuisances. "You talk," said he, "of your improvements in

town," (to which he had not come for twenty years, having lived upon his estate all that time): "for my part, I see very few in the houses and streets, and none in the people. I find deterioration in manners, demoralization in principle, and increasing public nuisances in every street through which I pass, and in every public place which I visit. Then again, the race of men! why they are neither men, women, lapdogs, nor monkeys! but a mixture of all! Such a thing as a dandy did not exist in my time. We had beaux who appeared in brocades, velvet, embroidered frocks, point lace ruffles, and always armed, as becomes a person of quality. It is true, they would give two hundred per annum to their French *valet de chambre*, and sit for hours under his hands; but then to pass double that time in being laced, boddiced, sewed up, starched, half strangled, pilloried, padded, oiled and painted, and, after all, not to be dressed like a gentleman, is quite a different matter."

I asked him if he recollected nothing, in

former times, of marechale powder, pomatum and perfume? He replied, "well, well; but, after that, a gentleman was dressed like a gentleman: whereas now, a man's head is like a mere brush, or at best like a groom's, which grins through a horse collar, and winks its half closed eyes over a high stiff cravat, like an ass peeping over a whitewashed gate. And then the other end of this being is in a pair of trowsers, like a Turk, a labourer, or a sailor. These walking mummies run over a little man, because they cannot see him; and they bolt up against you in a half wheel, because they cannot turn round without much time and infinite trouble, in performing their geometrical revolutions.

"Another street nuisance is your poke-bonnet ladies, who sometimes put out your eyes with these pent-house projections, or hook off your hat with their parasols. Some of them swing a velvet or satin bag, as big as a postman's, against your shins; and not unfrequently, a poodle, or a pug, a French barbet, or an ill tempered dwarf dowager

lap-dog, receiving the same favor, and mistaking the quarter from which the aggression proceeded, flies at you, and bites you, or tears your coat.

"We have also a new genus of males, ycleped ruffians, far differing from our bucks or sporting gentlemen of old. Sometimes we see them bending forward, squaring their elbows, and driving a light mail with four in hand.

"The tandem gentlemen are most dangerous; for they generally drive entirely at random. You meet them with their leader looking wildly about him like a stag which has just broken cover; the driver is either with his eyes fixed between his horse's ears, or perhaps is as wild and perturbed as the animal itself. A weak friend, perhaps with a mail coach horn, is on his left hand; they may be both half drunk, or in high spirits; and the odds are that they run over you, or upset themselves, or any thing else with which they come in contact, in their furious career.

"The tilbury man is not quite so great a

a swell, if I may adopt a phrase of fashionable vulgarity. He, probably may take care of himself. He, mostly, has his groom for his companion; and a bull-dog or terrier for his pet. This animal frequently sits between his feet, and generally resembles his master in feature and ferocity: in intellect, he generally beats him.

"Sometimes you see these pugilistic, riotous, tavern and stable heroes, riding half off, and half on their horses; lounging, as it were, with a glass fixed in the socket of their eye, a fanciful distorted and deformed stick, (emblem of their minds,) under their arm, and their whip in their pocket, in which the right hand is thrust:—There is seldom any thing else in it! Not unfrequently they have a quill tooth-pick, or a straw taken out of the stable, in their mouth,

"Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw."

"Sometimes, if the weather be cold, and the ruffian be a military one, a lighted cygar is smoked by the coxcomb, and

forms, by what comes out of his mouth, the furniture of the inside of his head; at other times, they impede your progress in the streets, linked arm in arm, and strung together like cuckoo's empty eggs, or a straw band of onions. Thus connected, they jostle you off the kirb-stone as you pass, or make a sidelong inclination, so that they may meet you in a row,—stare you out of countenance, quiz old age or infirmity, and put female modesty to the blush!

"Such is the infinite number of these nondescripts, that although their debts are driving them daily across the Channel, yet new mushroom productions spring up and choak our passage through the town. At home, they are incumbrances; abroad, they are the laughing stock of the continent. "I have," concluded he, "a scapegrace nephew, of this cast, who, being just come of age, called on me to take leave, being determined to go to Paris, and, in short, to see the world. I dissuaded him from his intention; and upon his pressing me to give him my reasons, I said candidly, "Tom, I

have no great objection to your seeing the world; but a very strong one to the world's seeing you: for I am a true Englishman, and have the honor of my country so much at heart, that I should wish any one who bears that name, to shew himself at least a rational being."

Here ended my cousin's phillipic, and I dare say my readers will think it long enough, without any additional comment from

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XCIII.

RIGID ECONOMY.

As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show,
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.

GOLDSMITH.

RIGID ECONOMY.

When I see half starved cattle attached to a carriage, and observe a constant succession and change of servants in the houses of their owner,—when I behold the unanswered petitions of the necessitous almost thrown at them, and see paupers constantly go unrelieved from a door, I am convinced that grinding economy, the slave of pride, is the cause of all this havoc to man and beast.

Where economy, however, is only the representative of honest poverty, or is more properly, mere self-denial for some laudable purpose,—for instance, to pay a parent's debts, to disencumber an estate for a son,

or to provide for indigent relatives, and those who have natural ties on us, I honor those who are reduced to these abnegations, and I respect the motive which occasions them.

But how few instances do we see of self-denial, in order to rescue the name of a father, or of a husband, whose ashes are reposed in the tomb, from infamy, and the charge of injustice! How few fathers, like the virtuous Cremone, consider the honor of a departed son identified with their own, and will allow no one to name him with a claim or with a reproach in his mouth! How few instances of parental, of conjugal, and of filial piety exist in this respect! Nay we rarely find people resort to self-denials, in order to pay their own personal debts; whilst a title, or a senatorial privilege, saves them from arrest. Yet every day we see acts of barbarous, contemptible, and pinching penury, in order to pamper pride, to gild nothingness, to obtain transitory respect, which never can survive a perfect

knowledge of the character, or rather that kind of homage, of consideration, or deference, which little minds pay to fine dress, fine furniture, to the skeletons of half starved cattle, and to pining and hungry livery men just hired, or just wearing out their month of warning.

Here we behold a haughty old maid, perhaps with Hon. Miss tacked to her name, whose slender pittance would keep herself and waiting woman in comfort, leaving a crust for the poor, or the tythe of her reverence for the noblest duties of humanity; but, in order that she may give a couple of routes, and be followed daily by a half-fed footman of six feet high, the waiting-maid and livery man must keep Lent all the year round, and the poor must be driven trembling from her door.

In another quarter of the town we have the widow of high life, whose late husband's debts and difficulties scarcely leave her enough to keep house with; yet must her establishment be maintained, the same number of domestics, of horses and of carriages,

to compass which the poor quadrupeds are half fed, and the bipeds are wholly unpaid, and either fed upon promises, or upon their savings in former places, being allowed to run on an account of board wages, and standing wages, without any certain time of payment for either.

Here Miss Priscilla, whose Pa was a merchant, has fortune enough for house, for servants, male and female, for hospitality, and for charity; but, then, although her charms are either invisible to all but her own partial eye, or are declining apace, yet she may make a good match, and as appearance is every thing, she must have her landau to sun herself in, and her men both in livery and out of it. For this purpose, the hospitable board must shrink into a sandwich, and a glass of table beer for self; not at home, for poor relations, meagre fare for her domestics, and a sparing hand for her poor cattle: add to which, coachee converts the economical allowance of corn into ale or gin for himself, and trusts to the stimulus of the whip instead of hard feeding, to get

his sorry animals on with; whilst the poor who blessed the sire, now anathematize the daughter, with famished countenances and with angry looks.

Knighthood has raised Sir Robert above himself. He once was the faithful picture of an honest John Bull. Substantial fare furnished the plenteous board both above stairs and below; his friends, his neighbours, his clerks and his servants, his porters and shopmen, his dependants and the poor, all partook of his generosity; and every thing flourished. Now, he fain would be the courtier, and would act and look the nobleman.

My lady, too, has suffered a metamorphosis since she was presented at court. Now Botolph Lane is offensive to her nose; St. Paul's Church an eyesore to her quality; its matinbell an impertinent intrusion on her first sleep; she must have a house in some of the squares (not Finsbury, for that has counting-house smoke in it, and savours of sugar and tobacco, tea and indigo, and odious articles of traffic from the East and

West Indies); she must have her villa at Richmond, or at Wimbledon, and her hothouse and conservatory; not forgetting expensive dress, and extravagant losses at play, in order to secure her the toleration of the nobility.

To meet all these expenditures, the open table is given up; state dinners are given in imitation of ministerial ones, but differing in this leading feature, that there not a guest is asked but from some motive of interest, public or private, not a dish but is paid for again and again; nor is there even a miserable rat about the house that does not bring his price with him. Clerks, relatives and dependants, are either treated as inferiors, or wholly cut; the servants' stomachs are gauged by my lady's wants, in order to pay for play debts; the horses' appetites are measured by the hunger of coachmen and grooms, who, unaccustomed to half-allowance or short commons, purloin the corn to make up the deficit: all is finery or misery, excess or starvation; the poor have no longer any portion in their

bowels of compassion; nor have their bowels any portion of their former allowance; all is changed; all is external pomp and internal parsimony.

Such, too, is the rage for fashion, that every thing is immolated at its shrine; so that an empty coxcomb will put his whole fortune on his back, doing injustice to all around, in order to occupy a place in the *beau monde;* and a vain female will spend as much on rouge, odours, cosmetics, foreign frippery, and domestic dissipation, as would keep a whole family creditably, whilst she starves herself at home.

I know a lady who has such a rage for high life, that, leaving a score of kinsmen and kinswomen in Essex, she has fixed her head quarters in town. There, she has sunk her small fortune for an annuity; what used to procure a substantial dinner, is converted into feathers and French lace; four maid-servants are turned into one footman and a char-woman; cousin Betty's annuity pays for the share of an Opera box; the fat horses have been sold for a *vis à vis* with

job cattle; thè cows and poultry, with all the implements of husbandry, are transformed into a suit of pearls; whilst the pittance which ought to be given to the poor, hires the musicians for a single ball. Not a fragment must be lost, in order to pay for the chalking of her floors; and the flowers which adorn her saloon are extracted from so many ounces diurnally retrenched from the stomachs of her two established attendants; whilst she meanly receives the card-money in order to remunerate the additional domestics, who are to swell her consequence by their number, at her occasional entertainments, and to impose upon the ignorant as her regular retinue or establishment.

These gilded meannesses and unworthy sacrifices are, every where, and in every body, unbecoming and disgusting. They proceed from a narrow heart and shallow understanding; and are generally deservedly punished by the detection of envy. The thin veil which covers these moral deformities is easily seen through: and contempt and derision not unfrequently are substitu-

ted for admiration and praise; just as those who raise a dust in order to blind their neighbours, are obscured and smothered by it themselves; and therefore such clouds are always avoided, both offensively and defensively, by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XCIV.

BORROWING.

" Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame;
The child whom many fathers share
Hath seldom known a father's care:
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely meet a friend."

GAY.

BORROWING.

I HAVE been a person of such order and in such easy circumstances in life, that I never recollect being in debt, or asking a favour, but once. The impression, however, was so strong, that it will never be effaced from my mind; and the example may not be wholly useless to my juvenile readers.

I had placed a few hundred pounds in a country bank; first, because I was acquainted with one of the partners of the firm, and secondly, because I received interest for the use of money, which is not the case with our town bankers. The house in which I placed it speculated too far, and failed; and it was a considerable time be-

fore I received a dividend of five shillings in the pound. I accordingly felt pressed for a hundred pounds: but I had so many friends that I was confident I could easily obtain that sum for a couple of months, by which time other resources would come in.

After a hectic flying across my face on seeing the bankruptcy in the Gazette, I cleared my voice, whistled a tune, and rubbed my hands cheerfully together, muttering to myself, "It might have been worse. Well it will be a lesson to me, not to trust new country banks. Let me see;—any body will lend *me* (on which term of egotism I laid much stress) a hundred; and then I must not buy that library which is advertised for sale; nor the summer pony; and I must give up the subscription concert; and in six weeks, or so, I shall not feel this loss. Besides, the bankrupt will make some composition; so (very gaily) I am sorry for the poor fellow's misfortune, and I will think no more about it."

The next task was to cull the list of my many friends. There were dukes, lords,

knights, and squires, all rich; some of them very rich indeed. Then what were my claims on their services? Long acquaintance, unsullied honour, fair dealing and credit in the world, services rendered by me to them, and their repeated professions of regard.

First, there was Lord Valleyfield. He was a third son when my acquaintance with him commenced. We had grown up together; and I had lent him small sums a hundred times, whilst he was a midshipman, without much prospect of repayment. His two other brothers, however, making room for him (the one by a consumption, and the other, the colonel, by the yellow fever), he came to a title and an immense fortune; and he paid me with a written order to apply to him, if ever I wanted a thousand pounds. His letter concluded, "thus far have I discharged a debt of common honesty, but have not cancelled the obligation and bond of gratitude; and if the play-fellow of my infantine days, who has grown up along with me, and matured in the bro-

therhood of friendship, does not command my purse, if he want it, I shall cease to esteem him the good fellow which I thought, and always found him. I am his immutably, Valleyfield."

Upon recalling these circumstances, I set that down, as one hundred on demand. Next, should his Lordship be out of town, there's Sir Richard Rattle, whose father I prevented from disinheriting him, and whom I hid in my house, until the old Baronet consented to pay his debts. And there is Lovelore, the Russia merchant, who, through my advice, made thirty thousand pounds by buying into the stocks just before the treaty of peace, of which I received the very earliest notice through the medium of my friend the Secretary of Legation. And there is Lord Loungex, my school-fellow, and Meadows, my relation, and half the club, and all my neighbours, to none of whom I have ever been obliged: in a word, the list was too long to run over, and I began with the first three, and Imprimis—Lord Valley-

field, whom I had not seen for many years, as he was just returned from a continental tour.

I tripped gaily up to his Lordship's door, gave a smart confident knock, looked his porter boldly in the face, as much as to say, "I am no intruder, therefore tell me no falsehood; I am a friend of my Lord's, therefore admit me, if he be within." "Is my Lord at home?" said I, with more than my usual tone of authority. "No, Sir," replied the porter, mechanically, as if nothing but a negative could sit on his tongue. "I am sorry for it," replied I, firmly, "for many years have passed since we met; and I know, (impressing my conviction on the porter,) that he would be glad to see me. My name is ——," which I accompanied by giving my card, and adding, "I will call again to-morrow."

At this very moment his Lordship passed from his dressing-room to his library, talking nonsense to his favourite dog, such as, "and he was a pretty dog, and a nice old dog, and he shall go out airing with his

master, and not be shut up any more." Here the dog barked, fawned upon him, and was patted and caressed by the peer. The dog ceased barking; and Lord Valleyfield recognized my voice. I immediately heard him exclaim, "I'm a Turk, if that a'nt my oldest and best friend in the world."

His Lordship now sprung into the hall; and, squeezing my hand firmly, and (I thought) cordially, began thus, "What old one! my best of all fellows on earth! what, Steady (my nick-name when a boy!), what, is it thee! my banker, my adviser, the very bosom friend of my youth! why I'm more than glad to see thee! glad! that's a sneaking term; it means nothing; a fellow's glad to see his horse, that he wants to ride, or the inn door, at the end of a journey, or a pinch of snuff, if he wishes it, that is if he be put to a pinch, ha, ha, ha! (laughing at his wit;) but glad is as tame as a speech to both houses of parliament; ha, ha, ha;—as lukewarm as a minister's civility, as insincere as an election promise, or as cool as a conjugal salute. Glad! I'm overjoyed to see thee;

aye, and I'll work my cellar, and we'll dine *titty totty*, as my old maiden aunt used to call it; and won't admit of a soul but ourselves, in order that we may talk over juvenile pranks, all our wild, or rather my wild adventures."

Here his Lordship shook me again by the hand; whilst the porter stood astounded, and almost petrified to behold such warmth and such condescension in his master. "Aye," continued he, "and I may tell Lady Valleyfield that she sees in you more than my brother, 'a friend in need,' my dear Steady, *id est*, 'a friend indeed,' or else the old adage mistakes most terribly. Should you ever have thought that the ragged midshipman, the crazy reefer, would have been thus portly? (tapping the protuberance of his form) ha, ha, ha!"

Here he folded his arm into mine, and walked me into his study. "Alonzo! (a Spanish servant) go as quickly as possible to her Ladyship, and tell her to come here directly; (the servant obeys). I'll shew her what she can't see every day, a friend, to

wit, ha, ha, ha !—*a rara avis in terris*—hey! old one ? ha'nt forgot my Latin quite. But I was devilish dull whilst a boy. I tip'em a speech, however, now and then in the upper house for five minutes together, and very much to the purpose too. Apropos, I'll take you there, though it is a dull business; we want speakers—fellows of the first rate talent; but that's neither here nor there, ha, ha, ha ! They call us the lumber lost ! that's scandalous ! The fact is that we are too idle; and so am I myself; I'd just as soon vote by proxy as *in propriâ personâ ;* but there's nothing in that.

" Sit down, my boy ; no one so welcome; I don't say more, mind you; I say so, for so it is; and I should be a so-so fellow if it were otherwise. Do you remember when I was embargoed at the inn at Plymouth, and how you got me off ?—But my Lady will be here in a moment. Now my dear friend, don't expect a beauty. She is no such thing—plain as need to be; but a rich heiress, and a good wife ;—two sterling qualities hey, a'n't they ? ha, ha, ha !

"But here she comes! salute her, man,—salute her! (to Lady Valleyfield) there is my second self, Caroline,—the fellow of whom I have so often talked,—a nonsuch; you must salute him; and then get ye gone; we must be left alone. Tell the cook *de faire son possible;* we must have a right good dinner to day; and then you may go to the Opera with your country friend; and my old chum and I will come in about the Ballet, if we can see our way." (Her Ladyship saluted me, and looked grave.) I here observed that I never drank hard, and that I should be ready to obey her summons at coffee. "As you like—just as you like," replied the Peer,—"toast and water if you please; only let me have my bottle and your pleasant company. And now, my dear, get you gone; and at half-past seven, we meet again." She obeyed.

"A good woman, Steady!" continued he, in her hearing; "and that's something now-a-days. We live very happily for a quality couple; for I will have my way, and she never contradicts me: so that's just as

it ought to be.—I say, what a wild dog I was when I was a middy! Do you remember the red-haired milliner, and my breaking the Jew's windows? I am almost as rich as a Jew myself; but nothing else of the Jew about me; I do all *en milord*—every thing as it ought to be.

"But tell me, what's your best news?" This was a relief which I almost despaired of. "His generous questions, which no answer wait," had precluded me from putting in a word; and I had nearly given up the idea of being able to make my business known; so warmly, so rapidly, and so verbosely did he rattle on. I eagerly seized upon this pause, whilst he caressed his dog again; and I, with very little proemium, announced my misfortune, concluding by, "I would say more on the subject, but I know your friendship, and am convinced that it will not fail me in the hour of trial."

He looked as if he had just been shot at and missed; and thrusting the dog ill-naturedly from him, he blew like a grampus in the water; so sudden was his surprise—

so impeded, so thick and heavy was his respiration at the moment. Many seconds elapsed before he could recover his speech, when he faultered out, "I should be ungrateful indeed did I not remember your former kindnesses,—did I not, in my turn, assist you when in need. The sum too is a bagatelle. Your request is a most natural, fair, plain," *hem*, *hem*, (he got confused) "proper, legitimate one. I know that you would think me a shabby fellow were I to refuse you" (here he looked me in the face with a questioning air: he expected me to say, "not at all;" but I remained silent and motionless, for I foresaw the sequel). "But," continued he, "I have done an imprudent thing: (this was false.) "I have supported a friend in electioneering to such an extent, that I have overdrawn my bankers; and besides that, I have bought so many estates, and made so many improvements, that I scarcely know how to pay for them. However," rising "I'll see what can be done by dinner time," (looking at his watch) "three o'clock by Juno!" (with ill

acted assumed astonishment) "who would have thought it? What it is to be happy! how the time flies with a friend! Here" (smiling all insincerity) he again took me by the hand, and said in a lowered tone of voice, "Steady, my dear fellow, I'll try. Now get thee gone; but be sure to be here by dinner time; we expect you; don't fail; I'll not forget, pray be in time; adieu, adieu."

There was, in his last adieu, nothing of melancholy, it chimed to the tune of "I am glad to get rid of thee; what a deliverance!"

I had scarcely got home to dress when the following note was put on my table:

"My dear old Friend,

Candour is a virtue; and I should be wanting in it were I to temporize with you. 'Honesty is the best policy,' Then, honestly, (this was not the right term), I cannot command the cash. I am sure so good a fellow as you can get it in a thousand places: honestly, I am sorry to refuse you. Ever your's, Valleyfield.

"P. S. Lady V. is so ill with the return

of her old complaint, that we must see you on another, not far distant day."

This day is still in embryo, for it has not arrived; and I need not add that should an invitation arrive, it will not be accepted. I am, however, well aware that I shall not be tried in this particular. Such is the companion of my youth,—such the once thoughtless midshipman! But, mark ye, he was thoughtless, when he had nothing to think about; expensive, when it cost him nothing; and his purse was every man's, when it was empty.

To say that I did not feel disappointed, humiliated, disgusted, and hurt, would be stating the thing which was not. I was deeply wounded in my feelings. I think that I perceive the very sensation at this moment, although the period is somewhat remote. But it formed an æra in my existance: it was the first transaction which put me at variance with mankind: it was the first tendency towards misanthropy which ever entered my mind: from that spring I ever suspected further deceit, further disappointment.

But I had a right to call on the Baronet. He owed the possession of his large estate to my mediation with his father; and I resolved to attack him quite in another strain; he should be told what he ought to do. I thought on past circumstances again and again; and I plainly saw that I had a title to command him. The strain of solicitation was here improper. What did I want? a trifle! For how long? a few weeks! What risk did the lender run? none!

I am now on my way to the Baronet's house. Therefore, gentle reader, until then, adieu. But never ask a favour if you can help it. The man who does so, parts with a portion of his independence, and almost with the nobility of his nature, the dearest of all possessions to

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N°. XCV.

BORROWING.

" Where every word is dictated by art,
And every face the mask of every heart."

HERVEY.

BORROWING.

After many " not at homes" my appointment was attended to; and, on my arrival at the gate, it was thrown open to welcome me. The porter and the footman made me their best and most obsequious bows; and I was ushered into the Baronet's dressing room.

There was he seated, in a *robe de chambre*, all self-satisfaction and affectation, a political pamphlet in his hand, and a hundred letters scattered around him. " Pity me, my dear friend," cried he, " for being thus overwhelmed; but, betwixt parliamentary business, the care of my estates, a con-

stant looking out in order to prevent my agents from robbing me, and the many invitations of my numerous friends, I have not a vacant moment, and I am obliged to deny myself to every one, or I could never go on at all: (he was not always in such request). But, to the man to whom I may say I owe every thing, I should be base indeed were I not always accessible, always at his command. You see in me a courtier perhaps:—one must be so in some shape; but in matters of honest feeling, and of duty, I am a plain-sailing fellow. I have told the whole town (I glory in it, and it is due to you)—I have told the whole town (repeated he a second time) that I should have been ruined but for you, and that to your exertions I owe my fortune. Who hid me from the Philistines? you, valuable friend. Who softened the rage of an infuriated father? you. I have many sins; but ingratitude is known to me but by name; and ungrateful I should be, were I, for one moment, to forget or to neglect you."

Here he acted a great deal of importance,

rung the bell, called half a dozen servants one after another, counter-ordered his horses, and let me know his many engagements, on the pretence of putting off every thing for me.

"Jones, (his own man) call the Coachman, (to me—I beg your pardon) and tell him to send out the sick horse, and to have the carriage ready at six,—(calling him back) half-past; but he is a lazy fellow, and I must be dressed for dinner by seven.—Jones!" "Sir,"—"Tell Atkinson that I shall not want the curricle at all; and let Adams look at it; there's something wrong about it; (to me again)—How rude I am, but you'll forgive me; counter-order my horses; I will *not* ride (laying a huge emphasis on the word *not*); I want to attend wholly to this gentleman; and mark me, tell the porter, no 'not at homes' to him,—I am always at home to him,—he may walk up to my bedroom, come in in the middle of dinner, call at midnight, whenever he pleases; you see, Jones, he is a privileged man. By the bye (to me—I beg your pardon for the last time,

but household detail must go on, and I wish to be wholly yours) the new groom won't do at all; he is as heavy as a waggon-horse, and no rider; he'll cripple all my cattle, I tell you; so no more of him; let the stud groom take a light helper,—some boy out of place, like the lad we hired at Brighton; and that—(a pause) and that's all.

"And now, my dear friend, what can I say in extenuation of so much rudeness? I really am so engaged, so pestered, that I know not what to do. I almost wish the parliament was at the devil. I was late at the House last night—tired to death,—the business odiously dry, and the opposition insupportable, devilishly ill bred—cursed unparliamentary,—it was a shame—quite a tomahawking; but the division took place so late, that I was forced to stay, although invited to a Russian prince's to dinner."

Here he looked most magnificent. "I rather expect (he was mistaken) to be asked to Carlton Palace next week. But pray, am I indebted to your friendship merely (putting out his hand in form of salutation and

shaking) for this kind visit; or is there any thing on earth, which I can do to serve you? If so, speak, and your wish will be a command to me. I am not a man of many words (this was very false indeed, no man being more tiresomely prolix); but what I say, I mean; therefore speak, and you shall be obeyed. I repeat it again, I never shall forget former times. Some men are dazzled by fortune and by power; but it is not so with me. I have an immense establishment, and plenty to keep it up. A road bill will nearly double my property: you may swear that I give it my hearty concurrence: it runs through the middle of my estate, and right across my worst land, which brings a pretty sum. I take good care to have a command of ready money, (very luckily, thought I); and what can a man have more? Well—and with all this, I am just the same good-natured fellow (this he might have left to me) that you first knew me:—but not so extravagant. No, no, I know the worth of money as well as my neighbours; and, by its preponderance, I maintain a certain weight.

"But pray let me listen to you; for I am talking all myself. I—am—so—glad—to—see—you." (With a stress, a pause and a rest betwixt each of these monosyllables, as if to give weight, impression, permanence, and strength to every one of them). I thanked him. "What a world we live in!" continued he. "I was disinherited a few years ago; and now, thanks to you, I am at the head of my estates with a rent-roll doubled, and am the fourth of my family who has represented the county; whilst Dick Rochmont is ruined, and obliged to live abroad; and our old Lord Lieutenant is in trustees' hands; and Philimore is in the Fleet. But—how am I going on! Let me hear you, my good friend, in your turn." There was, in the whole of his deportment, an insolence of prosperity which displeased me. I however, began my story; and not being inclined to waste much more time, I made it as brief as possible. Short as the detail was, it was painful to the Baronet. He considered me as a prosperous man; and there he was right. He valued my prudence and

knowledge of the world so much, that he thought it was impossible for me to get into a pecuniary difficulty; and there he was wrong. During the narrative of my unforeseen loss of property, his countenance changed repeatedly. I saw doubt, displeasure, altered regard, surprise, covetousness, pride, and hypocrisy—all by turns.

At one time his eyes said, "can I believe this?" at another, "what a fool not to take better care of his money!" at a third time, (a feeble struggle) "shall I lend him the money?—he is a safe man;" but avarice whispered the while, "who knows but some sudden calamity may alter his fortune also? why not as well as the country banker's breaking? no, no; keep thy money; it is thy best friend; thy consequence is built upon that alone." Impatience was the last expression of my *soi-disant* friend, which clearly evinced that, short and unvarnished as my tale was, it was, notwithstanding, tedious, and too long for him.

I concluded, with a foreknowledge of want of success, arising out of my observa-

tion of his countenance. I already began to despise him; but I was curious to see what turn he would give to his refusal—to what artifice or deceit he would resort.

I had scarcely concluded when he burst into a roar of laughter! and putting his finger up to his nose, he exclaimed, "It won't do, it won't do, clever as you are; my dear friend, it won't do; I know you well, an observer of mankind, a shrewd fellow. Says you to yourself, 'I'll try what this fellow is made of! I'll see if he has gratitude! I'll pretend to be in distress, which is the test of friendship!' But you can't hoax me. Don't I see a smile on your lip, a joke, a quiz? To be sure you are a likely dog to place your money on a rotten security! The most prudent, sensible man I know! the last fellow in the world to get into a scrape! No, no; the story of the country bank will never do. But, I say, let us change the subject.—Will you dine here to-day with a delightful party,—a union of talent, a blaze of intellect,—authors, blue-stocking ladies, members of par-

liament, foreigners of distinction, and I do not know who? You in want of money, ha, ha, ha! Thank you, I owe you one; devilish well played indeed; but I'm not such a novice; no, no, a country bank broke! very well imagined. But, I say, will you dine with me?"

I thought it just possible that he might misbelieve my statement, and imagine that I came to try him; and as I paused for a moment, he exclaimed, "Come now, hang it, it is not handsome in you to doubt your friends; but let us have done with the country bank, and talk about the dinner." I now looked extremely grave, and assured him on my honour that what I stated was true, and that he had no right to doubt my veracity; that if he had disbelieved me, he was now bound to change his opinion; but that if he was only thus seeking a subterfuge, such conduct was unworthy of him, and that I was the last man on whom he should attempt to put off a counterfeit.

I saw that he was struck with an electric shock! He pondered—bit his thumb—fixed

his eyes on the ground—motioned to me to observe silence for a few seconds whilst he might consult the oracle within his brain. At length he eased himself by wandering from the subject, in a flood of abuse against the Bank. "What rascals! what swindlers! what a shame to take in a person like me! How could I be so credulous! what a pity! it was so unlike me! so young! I almost deserved to lose the money. But what was to be done? how strange! how unaccountable!" "All very true," replied I. "But what is to be done is, to let me know if you can lend me the hundred pounds or not?"

The Baronet now assumed another change of countenance; and this last Proteus-like effort, was the most insincere of all. He tried to look all modesty and confusion, all suavity and regret,—to appear like one unprepared for such a scene, unfit for such a contest of duty and of friendship,—like one balancing between ability and inclination, divided between regard and stern justice.

"Believe me, my dear friend," said he

(modulating his voice and studying every look), " that I never was placed in so painful a dilemma before. I must either forfeit the esteem of a most valued friend and appear to be the most ungrateful of men, or violate a most solemn obligation, taken at a time that I could not possibly foresee what has unfortunately occurred to-day. To assist you would be the wish nearest my heart, if I could do it without a dereliction of another duty equally imperious. Gratitude commands me to comply with your just request; but circumstance binds my hands and incapacitates me from performing the most pleasing office in life, namely the returning kindness for kindness, service for past obligation :" (a pause).

" I have been turning the painful subject in my mind again and again, in order to examine all its bearings and distances,— to take all its soundings, and to see if, in any way, I can discharge my obligation to you without breaking a solemn oath, (he looked steadfastly at me to see if I believed him), which I took a short time ago—

would that I had not!" Here he gave a very pretty gentlemanlike, or rather gentlewomanlike sigh. "But I am sorry to say, that I cannot in any way assist you without a compromise of conscience, for which you would despise me, and (looking for applause, or at least for forgiveness) which you would be the last man in the world to require." This *argumentum ad hominem* he considered as a closer. I merely made an inclination of the head, instead of becoming his justifier and apologist as he had anticipated.

Trusting to his eloquence,—"The circumstances," continued he, "are as follow, roundly and briefly:—I lent a number of sums to a number of people, all of whom were irregular in repayment, and some entirely remiss, and I lost considerably. At last I was prevailed upon to assist a person (I don't name him) with a sum of money; and I not only lost my money, but my friend: ingratitude accompanied a refusal to repay me; when in a paroxysm of rage, I am sorry for it, I took a most solemn oath"—(here he looked anxiously at me for

credence)—" a dreadful oath," repeated he in a cynic tone, never again to lend one shilling. 'Twas a rash deed; but it is done, and I cannot go from it. Any thing else to serve you, you may command." Here he concluded.

In reply, I observed, " that, through life I had made the remark that a refusing friend was always ready to do any thing to serve you, save only the thing which you asked for, and more particularly if that was money (he looked little and confused); but that there were many, I doubted not (by the bye I did doubt very much, from these two scenes), who would find a pleasure in obliging me." " A thousand," interrupted he, a little relieved: " I could name a thousand." " One would be more serviceable," observed I; " but spare yourself the trouble." Here I rose, and wished him a good morning. He endeavoured for a moment to stop me. But it was too much his interest that I should depart, further to insist on my remaining, and his violence on this occasion was gentle indeed.

My reader may easily anticipate the apologies accompanying this refusal of service —the repeated regrets and the wordy hopes that our friendship might remain unimpaired. To these, were added a very pressing solicitation not to deny him the pleasure of my company at his dilettanti dinner. I confess that I felt a pleasure in positively refusing this request, although I endeavoured to take my leave with as much apparent composure, and with as much urbanity as possible.

Our last looks, however, were those of humiliation and guilt. I had committed an imprudence, and was humiliated on that account: he had resorted to deceit and ingratitude, and was humbled by the fear of detection. For a moment, I verily believe, that we could have wished each other at the devil; but resentment sits on my mind as oil does upon water: it floats lightly on the surface, and is easily removed.

Upon enquiring respecting the Baronet's oath, I was led to believe it to be all an imposture. He might have made a resolution

on coming to his fortune, never to give nor to lend, and in fine never to do any good; for this tenor of conduct he has strictly observed: but as to the rash vow, the solemn obligation, the horrible oath, it is all mere mummery. On my mentioning the circumstance to Tom Ratwell, his friend and colleague, he observed, "He take an oath! it must have been upon his dictionary, for he has not got a bible in his house."

I now proceeded to my mercantile acquaintance, resolved to have done with applications as quickly as possible, and almost indifferent as to the success of my visit.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XCVI.

BORROWING.

" Promises are different cases;
At various times, in various places."

DR. HOADLEY.

BORROWING.

I left the Baronet, "smiling as in scorn," and I may very truly add, "uttering my wayward fancies;" and so absorbed in these was I, that I found myself in the city before I could look about me.

Money-making and money-loving faces were now all around me—sharp looks ready to pick out a man's thoughts, and keen observation in order to make the best bargain in every transaction. Some had both hands in their pockets securing acquired property; others stood about the exchange with folded arms in all the labours of calculation. Here was the ingenious but versatile countenance of a speculator: there, the steady, fixed and

immoveable features of a crafty capitalist, a weigher of consequences, a sure marksman in a mercantile hit, a watcher for events of which advantage was to be taken, to wit, the times, monopoly, or the difficulties of another.

On the right, I was jostled by an usurer in such haste, and so absorbed by the love of his idol, that he could see nothing but his own interest. On the left I was pressed by a fellow out of breath, too late for an appointment on money matters, and rude and out of temper, or scarcely in time to pay in money at a bank, or at a counting-house, to save a bill's being noted, protested, to the shock of his credit. At one moment I beheld avarice and oppression in a gilded chariot: at another, the reptile miser almost in rags, reckoning his savings by walking on foot, and by dining on a sheep's tongue and a glass of whey at a cook's shop.

At length the cry of "stop thief, a pickpocket," assailed my ears; and I beheld a needy wretch secured. I could almost have wished that he had escaped; and that sudorifics could be applied to the overgrown

aldermen, whereby their exuberance of fat and of cumbrous flesh could have been taken off from them and applied to this walking skeleton, whose poverty (perhaps) but not whose will impelled him to this violation of the laws of his country; "Secure him, search him, duck him:" roared out a walking elephant in the form of a magistrate, who was, to use Falstaff's words, "all thaw and dissolution," and whose countenance was as stern, as inflexible, and as hard as though it had been cast in iron.

Well, thought I to myself, there are many ways of being a pickpocket; and it is doubtful which is the most followed here. The magistrate was a distiller, and vended his poison at a monstrous rate: the prisoner was a beggar, and strove to live upon nothing—the compassion of the great. Which was the greater cheat, which the greater counterfeit? *N'importe;* I suspect that death will make a great equalization in this respect; and this put me in mind of the words of Hamlet, "your fat king and your lean

beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table—that's the end."

Here, however, I must break off, as I promised myself, as much as possible, to avoid grave subjects. What a contrast there is betwixt the city and the court end of the town! In the former, all money matters, business, bustle, rudeness, elbow pushes and passings by; in the latter, all ease, affectation, idleness, slow sauntering, time-killing, quizzing, and ogling of girls, vacant faces, and, very often, empty purses.

At the moment of making this reflection, I arrived at my old acquaintance's counting-house. I was determined to make short of this application, to render the obligation as light as possible, and to be kept in suspense no longer than I could avoid. Disappointment had rendered me abrupt; and poverty made me proud, feeling that it was but for a time, and resolving to be revenged on mankind afterwards. This resolution I have broken: and I rejoice at it; for we should never shut our hearts upon our fellow-crea-

tures: but my determination of never borrowing I have scrupulously kept: and I have found my interest in it.

I met my man surrounded by clerks, in all the plenitude of prosperity, and in all the importance of mercantile consequence.

These advantages had no effect on me, and I felt exalted by the superiority of a liberal education; and of a life and ideas unwarped by trade. I therefore addressed him rather cavalierly: "I wish to speak with you alone." "With pleasure," replied he; "I am at your command in all things, considering you as one of my very best friends." "Very well," answered I; "but I am not come, as heretofore, to put thirty thousand pounds in your way." "No, no," interrupted he, with a servile smile; "such things cannot be expected every day; but I am just as glad to see you."

"In a few words," said I, "I want one hundred pounds of you." "Bless me!" exclaimed the merchant, "my worthy friend, how quick you travel! a hundred pounds is a sum hard to earn, and soon spent; it is

money, I assure you, in these days. But pray is it in merchandize, or in goods that you want it? or a draft at sight? or a banker's acceptance? no one readier to oblige than your very humble servant; nor should I have any objection to your security on bond or mortgage; nor by way of annuity; nor on personal security, a bill for example with another good name, in case of mortality; but then I should expect a premium, for our money employed in commerce produces us sometimes five and twenty per cent."

I thanked him for his liberality; but assured him that nothing of all that would suit my purpose. "I want," said I, in a firm tone, "one hundred pounds on my note of hand simply (indeed my memorandum ought to have sufficed), for two months at the legal interest of the country." "And I," said the purseproud ungrateful trader, "will not lend it. Why it's giving money away to lend at that rate; my capital is *laying* dead the while. I can't think how a man of sense and of the world could ever ask such a thing; nor can I imagine how

one of your experience could be so imprudent as to need it—with a good income too."

Hitherto he had been servilely civil; but now, thrusting both his hands in his breeches' pockets, he assumed a most independent attitude; and concluded by observing, "There are two things which I am determined not to do—the one is to borrow, the other is to lend;" giving something blackguard and ironical to the tone of the last word, which he dwelt upon, and made as long as the loan generally becomes in the hands of any prince or potentate in Europe, to any three-times-returned member of parliament or to a peer of the realm with neither purse nor principle. "You have helped me to a good thing once," resumed he, "and I would do as much for you (which I don't believe); and then no more friendship; that's quite enough betwixt man and man now-a-days."

Thus ended his discourse, on which I took the liberty of making some unwelcome comments. I reminded him of his base

origin, and of his poverty when young; of his obligations to many people, and of having received pecuniary assistance from an uncle of mine; and, after overwhelming him with confusion and reproach, I left him in the most indignant style, and never spoke to him more.

On my road home, I reflected that I might as well, and better, be duped by a stranger, than by a false friend. I therefore applied to a common advertising money-lender, paid him twenty per cent, and was obliged to nobody; though, in effect, the want of generosity in my acquaintance was the greatest service ever bestowed on me,—no thanks, however, to the parties concerned.

A man should be very careful how he needs money; more careful how he borrows it, most careful how he confides his secret, without certainty of success; for first, he is positively wrong for wanting money (if he can help it); comparatively culpable for seeking it without strong prospect of relief; and superlatively foolish for opening his

bosom, before the lender has opened his chest. There is a story, generally circulated, and generally believed, of a fighting Baronet, now no more, who encouraged by a constant and general offer of service from a pretended friend, asked him for money, which was listened to with patience. He then detailed his case, which was attended to with complacence, but followed by a refusal. The Baronet challenged the party; who then as basely and cowardly, lent the money, as he had falsely promised service, treacherously attended to the recital of his friend's difficulties, and unfeelingly refused his aid.

No man has a right to hear the secret of another's wants, if predetermined not to relieve them, after a fallacious promise of service; and although a forced loan becomes none but the *ci-devant* French revolutionary government, and our highwaymen of the present day, yet do borrowers deserve defeat, if they know not where to place confidence; and promisers of service merit the severest chastisement, who make these promises

without the least shadow of sincerity, in order to gain a name, a friend, or perhaps, a paltry dinner.

I close this chapter (too long perhaps) by stating that its contents had an influence on my whole life. From this period, caution, observation, retirement in crowds, and taciturnity in the most active and most noisy pleasures, marked my character. What I gained, however, of experience, I lost in enjoyment. It is, I fear, our common lot; but I must confess, that I never afterwards thought of mankind as I did before, and I marvel very much where are the generous hearts of which we hear so much, and the heroic lovers and disinterested friends who live in romance, and whose names and characters mislead whole boarding schools, and ruin the rising generation, whilst they nevertheless chide all the most active enquiry of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XCVII.

ART *versus* NATURE.

" For this the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys;
For this, hands, lips, and eyes are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule."

LORD LYTTLETON.

ART *versus* NATURE.

"How is my old aunt to-day?" said the thoughtless Miss Marchmont to her highly polished mother. "Your old aunt!" repeated Mrs. M. with an air of indignation, mingled with surprize. "Never let me hear you call any body old again; 'tis the rudest thing in the world! Besides, your aunt is very little more than fifty, and looks remarkably well of her age. There are very few years difference between us; and I can assure you that *she* would be very much affronted either to be considered or called old." This was one word for the aunt and two for herself.

"Why, Mamma," said Harriet, "some peo-

ple must be old. There's the old coachman, and the ugly old gamekeeper; you call them old yourself." This she said with an air of triumph. "What signifies what one calls a coachman or a gamekeeper, child?" replied Mamma; "but I tell you once for all, that people of fashion are never old, nor ugly. When you are speaking of a woman past fifty, if she be handsome, she is in the prime of life. We have the highest authority for that. If she verge upon sixty, she may be called a woman of a certain age, or one in the autumn of life. If a man be of that age, you may denominate him a man a little advanced in life, or you may be permitted to say, that you regret to see the Duke or his Lordship declining a little, or falling off from what he was. But if he be not very decrepid, a middle aged man must be his appellation, as long as he is able to go into company.

"The word ugly, again, applies to no one. Rather plain, not the handsomest in the world, very agreeable, (which is another word for plain) are the epithets to be used;

just as there is no such thing as red hair, nor grey hair, nor squinting, nor deformity, nor stuttering, in polished circles. These defects are confined to the vulgar herd. Auburn hair is the word, or *cheveux d'une couleur une peu hasardée*, hair assuming an autumnal tint, a young person with a trifling obliquity in her sight, or a not disagreeable cast in her eye, a trifling error in the shape, a weakness of one hip, or an almost imperceptible inequality in her shoulder, one who has a slight hesitation in her speech; these," concluded the elegant and urbane mother, "are the delicate discriminations of well-bred people, by which an amiable apology is made for any personal defect, and trifling deformities not only reasoned away, but often rendered familiar, and even pleasing. Moreover, such are the improvements of the age, that none of these disadvantages exist, amongst people of taste or of fortune."

I was now convinced of the experience of Mrs. Marchmont; and I saw in what art she was an adept: she was a perfect mistress of the art of rouging, of dress-

ing, of not only explaining, but of doing away deficiencies in beauty; and returning home to my library, and casting my eye on my newspaper, I observed the account of these improvements at full length, and asked myself, looking in my treacherous glass, why any body should be old or ugly in London? at the same time it struck me that the carnival at Venice exhibited fewer disguises than the fashionable lounge of Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and Bond Street, the squeeze in Hyde Park, and all the rest of our public places.

Vegetable rouge, not discernable to the most scrutinizing eye,—Olympian dew,—Bloom of Ninon—an unexampled paste which not only whitens, gives a delightful softness and transcendant polish to the hands and arms, but preserves and improves the skin,—a dye for the hair which is perfectly innocent, and which changes red, or iron grey to a most youthful glossy brown or black,—ornamental hair, that is a wig or false curls, which make baldness give place to a profusion of tresses,—epilatory pow-

ders which take off mustachios from dowagers,—unguents which put them upon beardless boys,—a curling fluid which renders lank locks as twisted, and as full of turns as a corkscrew,—spring corsets,—elastic bodices,—gentlemen's and lady's stays,—with pads, prominences, additions, or tighteners; so as to convert lean into plump, and to screw up corpulence into torture,—false bosoms upon falser breasts,—prominences, where nature falls off, and is far behind-hand with art,—calves,—cravats, starch and perfume,—artificial palates, for most unpalateable speakers,—and rows of ivory for mouths which formerly exhibited the alternate bone and ebony of the harpsichord's keys, though deficient in its harmony,—roses to dye the lip,—and becoming moles to be inserted in the skin, whilst freckles and blotches are to be removed with equal care. These, oh! incomparable London, are thy treasures, thy beauties and ornaments, for both sexes and for all ages!

But Harriet! whose risings and falls,

whose increased or diminished pulse, whose fluctuating and uncertain rose and lily succeeded each other like the ebb and flow of the tides, the shower and sunshine, conceived not the drift of these humiliating remarks. She consulted with older and abler heads, more experienced charmers, more expert heart-catchers, and their advice was, "to follow Mamma's wholesome counsel, and to substitute art for nature, whereby every thing was to be gained, and nothing was to be lost."

"For example," said one of her friends, "you have smiled upon a suitor for so long a time,—he is a little proud and presuming in his success,—you think you love him; but a nobler or a richer admirer offers!—Then all that happened before was pure *badinage*, youthful mirth, nothing serious—no, not vows nor promises—nonsense all!!! for all is nonsense in high life, where interest is not at stake. Or you have intrusted a secret to another's ear, and you repent it.—Then nothing so natural as to

say, it was all a joke, it was to try their friendship, and you have not the least grounds for what was previously stated.

"In a word—age, deformity, awkward truth, unfortunate sincerity, foolish candour, plain dealing, are vulgarities in a court dictionary. The lip that can pout or smile, the eye which can fall downcast or glisten, the bosom which can swell without joy or anguish, the neck which can bend without humility, and the hand which can be outstretched without sincerity; these are the politest, the most convenient, the most courtly, and the most suitable to the existing circumstances of high life. Nature is now become like a country cousin, who cannot be long endured without vast inconveniency, and without degrading the possessor of the one, or the relative of the other."

"*Et pourquoi non?*" says Lady Florimore. "We deck our conservatories with roses in January, and exclude day-light at our banquets in spring. Why, therefore,

should not the decaying seasons in man and woman, wear the artificial rose, or the gelid bosom borrow its warmth from the mine, whether of coal or of gold?" Alas! to such arguments, what answer can be given, even by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XCVIII.

DANGERS OF TOO LIVELY AN IMAGINATION.

"Lies of the day, or month, perhaps or year,
That serve their purpose, and then disappear."

BYROM.

DANGERS OF TOO LIVELY AN IMAGINATION.

"WHO said that the Princess of —— had been shipwrecked in the Adriatic and afterwards taken by the Turks in her way to visit the Greek isles?" cried an anxious enquirer, at a circle of the blues. "Lady Longbow," replied the retailer of these marvels. "Lady Longbow," rejoined the former; "that's quite enough; by the next opera night you'll have the Princess shut up in the seraglio: and at the Sunday concert, at the Dowager's, we shall learn by her ladyship's flying post, which beats the united telegraph of Europe, that she flew a pigeon to her lover in the island of Corfu, who ar-

rived on the wings of love, set fire to the Sultan's palace, and bore off his mistress in one hand (although she weighs about sixteen stone), and the Turkish flag in the other."

"That woman's imagination," continued he, "is so lively and at the same time so heated, that she is a walking romance. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments are a joke to her evening flights of fancy. 'Tis a thousand pities, for she is *d'ailleurs fort aimable*. But she has quite lost herself by her contempt for plain matter of fact. It is now enough, at a drawing room, or a public place to say that Lady Longbow said so, to have the account disbelieved. She has received a thousand rebuffs and humiliations on the subject of her enlargements in conversation; but the habit has now become inveterate, and she is incorrigible, past all hope of cure.

"How often do we see her at the Marchioness's surrounded by women of mediocrity, both as to mental and personal charms, and by drawling quality male things, and lisping guardsmen, all winking and sneering;

tittering and hoaxing her, whilst they affect to listen with attention to her well turned impossibilities! How often at Lady Sternbrow's "at home," do the grave and sensible turn from her in disgust, shrugging up their shoulders at her departure from truth in every narrative which she favours her friends with! And yet she never tells a criminal falshood; never willingly injures any one; never relates an ill-natured story in order to gain credit at another's expense. But in spite of this, she is more despised than the most malevolent Dowager, or envious old maid in town."

"Poor Lady Longbow!" exclaimed a clerical visitor; "I remember her relating that she slept in a room at a convent in Flanders, where she was educated, which was one mile long, and contained a thousand beds on each side. She told me that they had a thousand acres of flower garden, and that so rigid was the *supérieure*, that if a pensioner mentioned the word *amour*, unless in her prayers, she was confined for three days in a cellar without food, and the

nuns used to salute her with a shower of fire, through the iron grating which served as a ceiling to her dungeon. One German Countess Holtzherringrapple was so burned that she never recovered it, (a loud laugh). The lady pensioners, therefore, used to call "*amour*" *tambour* (" poor Lady Longbow! from a hundred quarters") ; and at last this innocent word was considered as a *rage militaire* by the abbot, and the sentence of expulsion was pronounced against all who used it." (A general titter.)

" Poor Lady Longbow !" said the lady of the house, " she has afforded me many a night's amusement. She told me very gravely, that her papa had been ambassador to every court in Europe. The fact is that he once was secretary of legation. Her travels with him beat any thing in print. In Russia they were attacked by a lion! (" monstrous," exclaimed every one) ; but her father had the presence of mind to cut the traces of his carriage, and to let loose one of his coach horses, which the fierce animal immediately attacked and devoured.

Sir Jeffery (the ambassador), had the coolness to load his seven barrelled gun, with which he always travelled, and, mounting the roof of his *berlin*, took deliberate aim, and shot the animal dead, making every ball tell. After this, he tied him to the wheels of the carriage, and dragged him in triumph, like a second Achilles, to the castle of his friend, Count Novogonadowski, where they eat a part of him in a ragout." (Immoderate laughter.)

"Upon my *thoul*," lithped out Lord Rose. "I believe that your ladythip hath added the ragout; but for the *exthtravagantha*, nothing can beat Lady Longbow." "I declare, upon my honour," said Lady Blightfame, "that she shewed me a needle case made of the lion's tooth." "Bah," exclaimed Count Milliflore, "that is coming Lady Longbow upon us, at second hand." "Her shipwrecks and accidents by land and by sea," calmly and insipidly puled out Sir Harry Harebrain, "as also the list of her lovers and the duels fought for her, would fill seven volumes of royal octavo," (here

he took snuff and looked round for applause). "An admirable stricture on Lady Longbow," exclaimed a church pluralist, "whereby the example proves the rule: very well indeed, Baronet, we owe you one."

"Do you remember her travelling in our box at the Argyll, one thousand miles in five days?" said Lady Lucy Lovemen. "I do," replied the prebend, "and I think she shewed great moderation in allowing herself four hours a day for rest; for she informed us that she went at the rate of ten miles in the hour, *id est*, two hundred miles every twenty hours," (a half smile and a look of approbation). "For my part," said Lady Lackland, the most sneering of the circle, "I would willingly settle an annuity on Lady Longbow for the good which she has done to my health; she has perfectly cured me of bile; and I once got rid of the rheumatism, by the immoderate laughter she caused me. She is a perfect antidote to *ennui*, and promotes the circulation"—"of what?" interrupted the prebend—"of lies?" "The word lies," re-

sumed her ladyship, "is quite unknown in our circle,—— of extravaganzas, if you please; but I meant that she promoted the circulation of the blood, by the violent exercise of laughter."

"She is a delightful creature!" exclaimed the dowager ironically. "She is a shocking story-teller," (a titter) said the Hon. Miss Outofdate. "She's much to be pitied," observed the prebend. "*Elle invente à perte de vue*," quoth the count.

"Ladies," said the clergyman, summing up the evidence, "Lady Longbow is an unfortunate woman to have contracted one of the basest and most dishonorable habits in the world; it is one which constantly brings conviction and shame along with it, and the very dissection which she has just met with at your charitable hands, (some blushes and confusion, fan flirting, impatience, and saucy looks) is a striking proof of her misfortune and of the contempt into which she has brought herself.

"She was too early introduced into great company (looking severely round); she

was a spoiled child, and was often listened to, when she ought to have been listening to others; she was praised by her silly mother for talents which she did not possess, and for a florid imagination, of which she possessed too much, and which required lopping and pruning. When she ran wild in romance, there was no charitable hand to lead her back to the straight path of truth; she then began to think that her additions and improvements constituted the very cream of her discourse, that her fancifulness was the charm of society, the point and seasoning which pleased every palate; she next had recourse to the creative talent of her brain, until her misled judgment and false views scarcely allowed her to discriminate betwixt the fabulous and genuine truth.

"Had she been aware that your praises and smiles were only the expressions of ridicule and contempt, she might not thus boldly have run on to ruin; and if in the place of this seeming meed of praise, she had every where met with gravity and re-

buke, she might have altered her course. Yet permit me to add, that she may be of more service to you than that of curing the bile by laughter: her example is no bad closet reflection.

"And now (looking at his watch) I must wish you good night: I am going home with the intention of penning a little advice to the lady who has been the subject of your ridicule, and who has so often afforded a *passa-tempo* for your vacant hours." So saying, he cast a solemn look round the circle, among whom not one offered to detain him, and walking off, was speedily followed by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. XCIX.

COME TO A FORTUNE.

" The Deity henceforth I'll thank and revere,
A mind is a balance for thousands a year."

DODD.

COME TO A FORTUNE.

AFTER having lived in obscurity for many years, Mr. Belfungus came, by accident, to a fortune, left him by a distant relation, whom he had never seen but once. Until then, Mr. Belfungus had lived upon a small annuity, with great economy; yet, from a principle of selfishness, which passed for benevolence, he had a dinner to give to his friend once per month, and occasionally from a one, to a five pound note, to lend to any one of whom he had a good opinion, so that he ran no risk, further than losing one month's interest on this small portion of his capital.

How many a man glides through life without a virtue, save common prudence; and, by an appearance of easy circumstances, commands prodigal and imprudent men, who excel him in fortune and in good qualities! How many an old miser is every where welcomed, from the perspective of the opening of his will, in which the adulator, the interested friend, the timeserver or the venal slave, expect to be named for a considerable legacy, if not as sole heir!

It is even related of one of these pseudo misers, or parsimonious rich men, that he smiled on his last pillow, viewing the tearful eyes around him which would open into surprize and indignation when they saw how they had been *hoaxed*, and when the heavy trunk was delivered of its load of rags, copper, brickbats, and old letters without a testament amongst them, so that his dupes would neither have to "take the will for the deed," nor the deed for the will, but would have to receive waste paper in return for their mercenary services. *Tant mieux:*

they were properly served. But this is from my purpose.

Mr. Belfungus, upon coming to his fortune, altered his mode of living, but still kept to his old plan; selfishness and economy being the leading features of his character, combined with a due proportion of caution and pride,—caution not to commit himself, pride to keep up his consequence to the very fullest extent of his means, without getting into arrears in his accounts.

Instead, therefore, of giving his monthly snug dinner, he gave a weekly repast of less plenty but more elegance. He had a professed cook in the place of Dolly, and was served on massy plate, instead of blue and white Staffordshire ware. His small house (for he could not expand his heart sufficiently to take a larger, or a more expensive one) became a complete baby-house with porcelain, prints and other ornamentals, pictures excepted, for they were articles too tempting for him to venture to begin with them.

Moreover, to pass for a man of letters, he purchased a noble library, so far as splendid binding went,

In books, not authors, curious is my lord.

There were unread travels, bound in Morocco; the unopened history of the Inquisition, bound in the best Spanish; caricatures French bound; fairy tales in Russia; a bible in red velvet, and speeches of both houses of parliament in calf; besides novels highly gilt, and the cries of London in a splendid quarto—ten guineas worth. Unrolled maps used to be on his table, near a fine silver inkstand and a curious filagree candlestick bearing a taper; and a portfolio of drawings was placed to beguile the dull half-hour before dinner.

He likewise subscribed one hundred guineas for a new church in his own county, and set down his name to some public undertakings; but he left off lending, as he could not now refuse a larger sum than before, and this his nerves could not reach.

Thus appointed and arranged, he had a number of visitors, and as many flatterers;

and he expected the universal suffrage of approbation and praise, from his dinner party friends. It was not so, however. Ben Blunt made an exception to the general rule.

"You seem pleased, Blunt," said Belfungus to him, as he perceived him eyeing every thing attentively. Blunt went on, unheeding the observation. He was handling a porcelain vase. "A pretty vase!" said his host with an air of triumph.—Not a word in reply. He stood motionless before a print. "A beautiful proof print!" exclaimed Mr. Belfungus, half angry. Still not a word: the company smiled.

Blunt now came to the book-case; and, taking up a magnificent edition of the British poets, he cast it indignantly on the table. "What's the matter?" said Belfungus; stepping hastily up to him. "What, does nothing please? What is that which you have thrown so angrily down? Shakespeare, upon my life! and a play; let us see what it is?" "Much Ado about Nothing," answered Blunt (who I now, perhaps a little late, in-

troduce as an honest hearted Lieutenant in the Royal Navy).

"You don't require this book," continued he. "Well, but how do you like my prints? my portfolio? my porcelaine? my busts, and my books?" continued he. "I should have liked your prints better," said Blunt, "if they had been the impressions of grateful countenances called into new life by your accession of fortune; and your portfolio if it had had a new leaf in it with benevolence and philanthropy for the subject; your porcelain would look better with plenty on it, and your busts should have been living heads of your poor relations provided for."

This was a rough lesson; but the moral was good, to use a French expression, "*Le remède est à merveille, mais la dose est un peu forte;* however, it spared Mr. Belfungus any further admonition from

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. C.

A MASQUERADE SCENE.

" What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose.
And trust me, dear, good humour can prevail,
When airs and flights, and screams and scolding fail."

POPE.

A MASQUERADE SCENE.

As Lord and Lady Foppington were sitting at breakfast, his lordship informed his lady that he was going, that night, to the masquerade. "I should like to go too," replied she. "Oh! by no means," said my lord. "I merely go to oblige Sir Charles Greenhorn: he is only eighteen, and has never seen a thing of the kind. As for myself, I detest such amusements." "You never miss one, however," observed Lady Foppington, rather warmly. "Perhaps," replied he, "I may be drawn into going by some means or other; but I really dislike them. Masquerades are falling off greatly of late; the company is very promiscuous;

and they are entertainments at which a married woman should never be seen." "Not over and above correct for a married man neither," said her ladyship drily. "Lady Foppington, I am the best judge of that," answered my lord coldly and haughtily.

Lady Foppington flounced; for she was determined to go. "I will go," said she, in a hasty and peremptory tone. "Then, madam, you will forfeit my regard and disobey my orders also." "Orders, forsooth!" exclaimed her ladyship. "Unkind! ungrateful man!" Here she took out her handkerchief and wiped a tearless eye: hoping that that would certainly succeed. "My dear Fanny," cried my lord, embracing her more tenderly than truly; "your health and good name are what I most have at heart; both might suffer by your going; allow me, therefore, to entreat you to stay at home." "That, indeed!" cried Lady Foppington, "I can be persuaded to do any thing." (Lord F. aside). "The devil you can!" (Lady F. in continuance). "Any thing

which you ask me kindly to do, you may command: but force or tyrannical authority is abominable." "Well said, Fanny." Here they kissed and looked foolish, parted and followed their separate morning amusements.

At seven they met at dinner vastly agreeable and cheerful. They had not dined *tête-à-tête* for a twelvemonth. They joked about it; affected to say how pleasant it was; and compared notes as to their evening engagements. Lady Foppington was going to the opera, and pledged her word to be home at twelve. My lord was engaged to look in at a *conversazione*, to call for the young Baronet at the club, and to finish with the masquerade. "What dress shall you go in?" said Lady Foppington, in a kind and unconcerned tone. "A domino, my love; but why do you ask?" "I don't know, just from idleness; I am sure it is nothing to me."

Now this was a great deal to her: it was a matter which she was determined to know. My lord, however, did not mean to go in a

domino, nor did her ladyship intend to go to the opera; neither was Lord F. going to to the *conversazione*, nor engaged to Sir Charles Greenhorn. He was engaged to a lady, and together they went to the masquerade, habited as Spanish dancers. Lady F. also kept her resolution of going to the masquerade; and, in order to watch his lordship's actions, she bribed his valet de chambre to show her the domino, that she might put a private mark upon it. The valet showed her the Spanish dress and the mask; and she was enabled to be a spy upon her roving mate, in spite of all his precautions.

She now made up her own party, consisting of her cousin, a Colonel in the foot guards, and her sister. The latter was dressed as a Spanish cavalier, with a guitar. The Colonel wore a domino; and her ladyship hung on her sister's arm, habited as a nun, just stolen by the cavaliers out of a convent. They soon perceived Lord Foppington, and his *querida*. They followed them, and listened to a great deal of soft nonsense which

passed between them. "Are you not afraid of making Lady F. jealous by this infidelity?" said the Spanish mask, as she hung on his lordship's arm. "Not at all, my lovely Maria," replied his lordship; "I am too old a soldier for that." "You married men are great rogues," replied the attractive girl: "you must go home in decent time to-morrow," added she. "Not 'till five," said my lord. "But, my love, you may depend upon my meeting you at three in the afternoon, in the New Road; and I will drive you to my cottage at Datchet, on pretence of your wanting to look at it, to purchase it." "Very pretty, indeed," whispered Lady F. to her sister.

The *cavallero* now introduced himself to Maria, and requested her hand for a waltz. "May I dance, love?" said she to my Lord, in Spanish. "Just one waltz, but—no more." The nun now requested the protection of Lord F's arm, which he willingly granted, and kept up an amazing flirtation during the waltz. "I wish you would unmask," said he. "I am sure a

very pretty face is under that veil; your voice is most attractive though it is feigned; and I rather think I have heard it somewhere before." "It must then have been abroad," said she; "for I have only been three days in England. But what a gay deceiver you must be! I know that you are married; and here you have one female companion; and the moment her back is turned you are making love to another." "Not I, upon my soul," replied he; "I must, and I will know you; I assure you that I am a single man; I am too wild to marry. The lady with me is my sister. But such a one as you are, might fix any man, where he ever so inconstant." (Kisses her hand). "Will you meet me in the Park at twelve?" said Lady F: "undoubtedly, sweet lady." "And give me a pledge to produce?" "There take that ring," said he. "And be faithful to your word," added the nun. "On my soul!"

At this moment they separated. "How long you were waltzing!" said Lord F. to Maria; "I was quite uneasy, and envied

your partner not a little; you danced so much *con amore* that I felt half jealous." "And I," replied Maria, "kept my eye upon you and the nun, and I was quite jealous; for you squeezed her hand most tenderly, and I dare say, made an appointment with her." "Not I, by Jove," said my Lord; "you know that I am engaged to you; and when the heart is of the party, one never breaks an engagement. Besides I looked under her mask; and she is as ordinary a little snub-nosed thing as ever I saw."

Lady Foppington thought it now time to withdraw. She took leave of the Colonel, and went home with her sister. They concerted matters together; and Lady F. changed her dress, and sat playing her harp when her Lord returned. "A very pretty hour for you to be up!" exclaimed he. "I have had such horrid dreams," replied his lady, "that I arose, dressed myself, and had recourse to my harp in order to calm the agitation of my mind. I dreamed that you were unfaithful to me, and that we were to part, and the thought almost broke my

heart." "My darling Fanny," replied he, embracing her; "not for the world! Where could I find your equal?" "Oh! any where; perhaps at the masquerade."

"You know," continued she, "that I have got such a snub nose." "Not you, by Juno," exclaimed her Lord; "it is as pretty a Grecian nose as ever I saw." "Ah! too bad, Lord Foppington; you know that you used to praise that *petit nez retroussé* once; but why did I believe it; you men are so given to deceit?" "Not I, Fanny; but let us retire." "Not yet, my dear Lord; tell me about the masquerade; who did you see?" "No one, love, of our acquaintance." "Indeed?" "No, you never saw such an assemblage in your life, not a pretty woman in the room." "What a pity! what no one to flirt with?" "No, not one; I did not quit the Baronet's arm one moment." "What not to talk soft nonsense, or to make an appointment with any one?" "No, not I."

"Come now (in a fond sportive tone)—come now, Frederick, do tell the truth;

I won't be angry." "Upon my life, I have nothing to tell." "Where's your ring, my Lord?" "Oh! (a little confused) I lost it, and—and—and my pocket handkerchief, and my snuff-box I fear also. (Fumbling in his pocket, it rolls under the table:—he stoops to pick it up, and perceives the *cavallero* hidden.) Infamous woman! it was for this that you sat up! that you affected to wish to go to the masquerade, yet stayed at home! that you pretended to be engaged at the opera, where I am sure you did not go!" "Yes, my Lord; and it was for this, that you broke your engagements at the *conversazione* and the club! that you preferred a Spanish dress to a domino, and a Spanish girl to your unfortunate wife! that, when your first caprice was absent a moment, you tried to mislead another woman habited as a nun, and that you made an appointment with her." "All false as hell, madam! and although you have watched me at the masquerade, yet I shall not put up with your perfidy. To-

morrow you shall be known—to-morrow you shall be rendered infamous; and as for you, Sir, (turning to the *cavallero*), I will shoot you through the head; so meet me, three hours from this time, in the fields near Paddington; and in the mean time quit my house, or I'll murder you," (he seizes the poker—Lady Foppington's sister unmasks). "There, my Lord." "Shameful, madam—indeed this conspiracy is too bad—but—I confess—I am to blame,—but not to the extent which you may think,—pray, Fanny, in what dress did you go to the masquerade?" "Not as a Spanish dancer, my Lord. But will you swear that you made no appointment?" "None by ——." (She put her hand upon his lips). "What! not in the New Road?" "Certainly not." "Nor to go to Datchet?" "What should make Datchet run in your head? No, certainly." "Nor in the Park with the nun?" "No." —"Fie, fie my Lord!" holding up the ring.—"Death and confusion, this is too bad," exclaimed he, humiliated and full of

régret.—“ Too old a soldier to be found out!” exultingly observed Lady F.—“ Do not abuse your victory,” cried my lord; “ I am beaten enough already, and little enough in my own eyes.”—“ Not so in those of Maria!” replied his lady laughingly.—“This is too much,” he exclaimed.

Here the sister interfered; and a reconciliation took place. Promises for the future ensured a general amnesty for the past; an excuse was sent to Maria; my Lord broke off his acquaintance with her, and instead of going to Datchet he left town for Bath, to pass a second honeymoon with his lawful bride. And as the quarrels of lovers are the renewals of love, so are perfect reconciliations the roads to added affection; but let not the wandering husband expect always to find a Lady Foppington: retaliation and disgrace are the more common concomitants of crime. Lady Foppington however kept the ring, as a token at once of her victory, and her generous use of it; and his lordship shewed himself worthy of her forbearance, by scrupulously keeping his

promise, to the satisfaction of all their friends, and of none more than one of the oldest among them,

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. CI.

THE MORNING CALL.

" Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur."

HORAT.

THE MORNING CALL.

"I DO like to call at Lady Mary Landless's in the morning," said Mrs. Young, laying a strong emphasis on the word *do*, to shew the active pleasure she took in the thing. "One meets all the world there," continued she, "and one need never read the papers, nor any thing else, for chit chat, since the cream of all fashionable intelligence is ready skimmed off for one. She has a happy turn of wit; for even in satire, she dresses it up so palatably, and with so much of her own *sauce piquante*, so seasoned with a judicious mixture of good humour and of attic salt that no one can be angry with her. She pleases every body, I'm sure."

"My dear," replied Mr. Young (a man much older than his lady, who was young both by name and nature), "Lady Mary is to me the most odious woman in the world; without friendship, principle, or common honesty. She is a woman of incessant expedients, selfish to a crime, censorious to hatred, unsafe beyond expression; and what makes her most pernicious to society, is her blending an assumed tone of good humour with every thing she says; her having always *le petit mot pour rire* interwoven with the tissue of scandal which she weaves for her own amusement at her company's expense. Friends she has none; the thing is impossible; but she has a way of keeping acquaintance by seeming as if she respected their vices, in order to make sure of them, and then of dealing out her victims by joints or piecemeal, to her scandal-monger customers. I really wish you would drop that woman, for I perfectly hate her."

Thus spoke the temperate and moral Mr. Young. But his lady had not, like him, seen sufficient of the world to know its

worthlessness and insincerity; and she dearly loved a bit of scandal before dinner, as a whet for her appetite; little dreaming that, whilst she feasted on the exposure of an acquaintance, she was served up herself, at some neighbouring *dejeuné*, carved with the utmost dexterity, and not spared by those whom she considered as her best friends. She accordingly, the moment that her husband had done *preaching* as she called it, made an excuse to retire to her *boudoir*, ordered her carriage, and attended Lady Mary's *anatomical* lectures, a zealous pupil, and an attentive listener.

Lady Mary, in opposition to common fashionable custom, was always at home. Her little circle was formed; and she was smiling on every one—smiling to destroy. On Mrs. Young's entering the apartment, Lady Mary exclaimed, "Dear Laura, I'm prodigiously glad to see you; you are just come in a lucky moment, and can set these naughty people (smiling at them) right, who have been abusing old husbands; you have not a notion what ridicule has been thrown

on half-century Benedicts; but I said, what I am sure you will confirm (a sneer at a neighbour, a wink unperceived at Colonel Calumny), that they are the best creatures in the world. Unlike our self-willed exquisites, they have no will of their own; they know that a young and handsome woman (a hoaxing look) ought to lead them; and if they will marry girls young enough to be their daughters, they must pay for it. Then again, as their time is short, they commit a number of extravagancies which a woman of spirit, (looking slily round her) knows well how to profit by. They deck their deary with all the magnificence of the age, and thus place her on a pedestal for admiration; and they teach her love lessons, to be finished by more able professors. Then again, they are all confidence; and fits of the gout are the most delightful and convenient things on earth. For my part, I delight in a sedate elderly man beyond every thing."

Mrs. Young did not know how to look or speak. To one less a novice, it would have been evident that Lady Mary had been cut-

ting her up in her absence, and that this was the winding up, for consistency's sake.

Turning to Lord Sneerwell, Lady Mary observed, "I'm quite delighted that the planter has got into the house: he is the quietest creature in the world, and may keep a troublesome man out; besides, I shall get his caricature from Charles Marall, who has taken all his friends in parliament: he does them in his hat, and has a rare list of wigs (old frumps), wig-blocks, mutes, rats, &c.: it is an admirable collection.

"Apropos! my cousin Lord Lumpintown, has a great notion of offering himself; and I persuaded him that he was right. Indeed, so he is; it would be using himself ill if he had not some self-esteem; for, poor wretch! he gets it from no other quarter. His brain is as woolly as the lining of a muff; and he stutters *à faire plaisir*. Many a dull hour should I have, were it not for this honour to the peerage. Charles and I persuaded him to make a speech in the house, on the subject of his county roads, which had just the ef-

fect which we anticipated, it convulsed the house with laughter; but I persuaded him that he had acquitted himself *à merveille;* and what could be a greater practical proof of the inconvenient state of his Lordship's roads, than the impossibility for any one to follow him through them?

"By the way (to a young author of quality) you have been writing something very pretty." "You flatter." "It has found its way into our circle." "Yes, (replied the self-satisfied youth), it is pretty generally read; I heard of it at the learned Baronet's table; did it come under your Ladyship's eye?" "Yes, *par hazard;* I think (an arch look) that I saw it wrapping up some mince pies (a roar). Now don't be *crusty*, my dear poet; I said nothing about *puffs*.

"But, upon my life, here comes Mrs. Marchmont! not a word about scandalous reports, or she'll think we are at the bottom of them. To be sure that's a pretty strong case in the Post!" "I am very sorry for it," replied Mrs. Young. "Then, my love, you are wrong; for the lady has been for

years endeavouring to obtain what she has effected at last, namely, notoriety. Neither handsome, well born, or accomplished, she had no title to the thing: she might have been one of the back-ground groupe figures in fashion's picture, all her life, but for this late *faux pas*. We must make the most of her now, whilst the thing is in dispute; for by and by, she will be thrown out of society. But, here she comes."

"Well, my dear, you did right to call here; I want to see you again alone, and that soon. We are all your side of the question; and I think you will be cleared of this imputation. I shall always countenance you, unless something more comes out on the new trial."

"But, my dear Greenfinch (to the poet), I give you my *honor* that it was only a little impertinent badinage on my part, respecting your poem; I never saw a line of it (a wink aside); and I am informed by judges that it is a most extraordinary effort of genius; 'tis *executed* (a stress on the word) in a most masterly style; there are the highest

flights of imagination in it—originality of the most *uncommon* cast, and great sentiment. Pray do rehearse a few stanzas; it will be a delightful treat; or, have you the work about you?" (with an assumed air of interest.)

The poor gulled poet fumbled in his pocket, and brought out a thick volume. "So large! (with pretended admiration). Indeed, it must be *rather heavy*—to carry (turning aside and passing her hand across her forehead) in the pocket." She sat maliciously anticipating the ungovernable laughter of the circle. She led her prey into the snare; and then joined unmercifully in his exposure.

Such is Lady Mary; and yet there are people vain, idle, and mad enough, not to see that the moment they have ceased to listen to the detraction of others, they are doomed to take their place. This kind of sportive fame-murder is suffered to pass on without a final expulsion from society, because the food which scandal produces to vitiated taste, whilst it flatters and gratifies ennui, nourishes a delusive hope, founded on

vanity, that the listener to detraction cannot have the defects and foibles of the subject of present dissection; and at the same time the heart grows so insensible to the wrongs of others, that it is past feeling for itself at last. Happy would it be for society, and for the cause of humanity, if scandal were every where scouted; whether the poison be offered in its most disgusting form, or dressed up in the more delusive and dangerous disguise of innocent and sportive wit, in either case it is always laid open as soon as discovered by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. CII.

THE NATURAL CHILD.

——" No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd."

SAVAGE.

THE NATURAL CHILD.

ARRIVING late for dinner at a certain noble Lord's, I had just time to make a kind of circular obeisance to the Countess and to the company, to whom I was unknown, to receive a significant, but good humoured look with a very gentle shake of the head from her ladyship, as much as to say, "you have just saved your distance; but better late than never," to meet the supercilious eye of Lord C—, to acknowledge the haughty bow of Lady Avanthier, the nabob's wife, whose smile is a sneer, and whose toss of the head, after the common inclination of urbanity, seems as if her stiff neck upbraided her for the smallest condescension, and

her curled-up lip and saucy nose marked the forced smile which would-be courtliness had placed in their neighbourhood. I had just time to receive the insincere pressure on my hand of the finger and thumb of a certain diplomatic character, so used to assumed importance, and to *pseudo* amiability, that it seems to inform you, that you may live on promise as long as you like, and consider that his protection even goes as far as a look, and the imposition of hands—the weighing of two fingers, as it were, confidentially on your arm, the gently touching you on the back, which is the type of " depend upon me," where reliance is out of the question, or an elevation of the eyebrows, as much as to say, " I see you, and don't forget you." Finally, I was just long enough in the drawing room, to see the first title proudly armed out of the room, with a conscious look of self-satisfaction, to behold the autumnal flowers in very high colour, cast a glance at the mirror as they passed by, and to join the *dei minorum gentium* of Baronets, M. P.'s, and private gentlemen in chattering com-

mon place as we descended the great staircase, when I found myself placed by the side of a very lovely young woman, with a *je ne sçais quoi* of interest and melancholy on her countenance, which (to me) rather heightened her attractions.

Her smile was grave, and as it were dubious; her deportment timid yet dignified; her voice more soothing than sprightly; and her dress rather neat than showy. Yet, in the course of her short table acquaintance with me, she gained ground considerably in the interest which she inspired. She was sensible, highly polished, and modest to a charm. Most of the company knew her. I was rather astonished, however, to perceive that she did not receive from the society that palm of preference, which so much beauty, and such finished manners, ought to have claimed: for when put in parallel with her titled and other female companions, who seemed, for the most part, to eye her with indifference, she was like the fairest lilly, the most balmy rose, or the freshest violet, planted in a corner, and surrounded

by gaudy tulips, poppies and ranunculuses of forced production and over blown.

During dinner, she was accosted twice by the name of Emily; and my Lord once gave her a half smile of good humour in sending her, unasked, the wing of a woodcock, with a look which said, "I know you like this."

As I never heard her called any thing but Emily whilst at table, I took an opportunity, after the ladies had withdrawn, to ask Lord —— what her family name was, "White," replied his Lordship; and he uttered the name as if it were a complete blank in the *beaumonde;* for it is not uncommon when a man names his friends, (if perchance, happily, he have any) or his acquaintance, or guests, to mention them a little proudly,—a person of high public character, significantly,—a beauty or an heiress, rapturously,—and a commoner or a fair incognita in high life, explanatorily, stating, "a good family, a good fortune, a person of talent, or of (what is more prized in a drawing room) good expectancies."

My Lord named Miss White, with blank simplicity; making as little of the monosyllable as possible, as if it scarcely merited a place in his narration. "She is well named," said I, "for she is as fair as the unsullied snow."

Two or three insipids smiled mawkishly and unnaturally. My Lord observed, "She's a nice girl," and then diverted the subject. The diplomatist found out that she wanted *l'usage du monde*, which proved his own want of judgment, and the nabob thought her too light—not in conduct, but in purse, to merit any more than "she's very fair, but too cold and grave." This he could not say of his broad passion-flower of a wife.

My interest for the young lady increased in proportion as I saw my companions neglect her; and I attached myself to her company, as much as possible, when we returned to the ladies. I now had recourse to a *ruse de guerre*, in order to learn something of her history; and, placing myself next to her in the music room, I observed, "that I once knew a Colonel White; that he was

my particular friend abroad, and that I discovered a likeness." To this, she answered, that she had not the honour to know any one of the name. I was foolish enough to come back to the charge, and to mention Lord B— and a Baronet White, when a suffusion of deeper rose colour spread o'er her cheek, and she informed me, that she did not know her parents, but had been educated by her patron Lord —.

My heart smote me for the flush which I had occasioned; I made a lame retreat upon "what a loss her parents must have had, in being deprived of the pride of bringing up so perfect a creature;" and I was mute nearly the rest of the evening.

I however took an opportunity of enquiring about her of our diplomate, who, assuming (which he generally did,) mystery and importance where none was required, asked me if I never saw any one like her in the House of Peers? I immediately recollected the Countess's brother. Emily was his very image!

The bloated nobob afterwards informed

me with a shrug of pity, that "she was that nobleman's natural child; that his lordship had made a rich match, and had left her to the patronage of his sister; that our host thought it best to allow her to live in the family, being her guardian, and that she had a miserable two thousand pounds to her fortune, and was wholly unknown to her father, who had deserted her mother many years, and had a very jealous wife, who completely dragooned him."

"I am glad of it," replied I, "he deserves to be shot for his desertion both of the mother and the child. How many a lovely plant perishes in the shade, is cast from the parent stem, trampled under the feet of pride, and withers beneath the cold blast of neglect, which bloomed in promise, and might have flourished, an honor and an ornament to the hand that fostered and reared it! How many pining *protegées* we see in noble families ; *soi disant* foundlings, or orphans whose vicious and unfeeling parents live but to disgrace and disown them! How many a beauteous creature

comes to ruin, wholly unprovided for, or educated in elegance, and scantily, maintained by the hand of unfeeling avarice, or of selfish extravagance! Whilst all the pomp of heraldry emblazons the pannels of vice's triumphant car, with ducal mantles and coronets, proclaiming royal bastardy, and trumpeting kingly crimes! and whilst the swarthy or piebald progeny of eastern plunderers gild over their low origin, and pass like Bank tokens for sterling ore! By such the lovely Emily may be overlooked, but she is never met in society without the marked attentions and respect of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

N°. CIII.

PATCH WORK.

" Would men but act from nature's secret call,
Or only where that fails, not act at all;
If not their skill, they'd shew at least good sense,
They'd get no fame, nor would they give offence."

ROLLE.

PATCH WORK.

I have an old female cousin, who has passed a quarter of a century in rags, or rather amidst patches, destined to a most marvellous arrangement, for the furniture of a suite of apartments — a saloon, a *boudoir*, and a bed chamber. She began her paltry collection by begging of all her acquaintance, and wearing out every one by messages, notes, and applications for odd bits and patterns. She also told two score of lies, in order to obtain samples of different linen-drapers; but upon a very unwelcome observation of mine, she changed her operations.

Asking me one day if I did not think

that the window curtains, ottomans, sopha-covers, et cætera, of her bow-windowed saloon would have a very novel, tasteful, and fantastic appearance, if composed of patch work judiciously arranged and bordered by a vandyke pattern worked by herself? I replied, "that the best patch-work which I ever saw had but a beggarly appearance, and that it would take her half her life, and lose her half her acquaintance, to collect the materials; that I always looked upon a patch-work curtain, or quilt to be fit only for a servant's bed at an inn: that it was a complete make-shift; nay, that if she would make shifts for herself, or for the poor, she would be much more laudably employed. For I consider this patch-working something like lady-shoemaker's work, below the dignity of the performer, and of little use when done.

All my observations would inevitably have been disregarded, for my cousin Cassandra is like many other old maids — she constantly asks advice with a predetermination to take her own way, but the term beggarly

hurt her pride, and the thought of loss of company, to one who could not live without a morning gossip, and an evening *casino*, was very alarming; so she determined on buying remnants and small pieces of a thousand patterns; and in the long period above mentioned, she completed her patch work hangings and furniture, which every one praised before her face, and treated with contempt behind her back. This *chef-d'œuvre* of useless toil, was however shown to all her acquaintance, and furnished the subject of a hundred morning and tea-table conversations.

Just as I was condemning this operose nothing, Sir Charles Chatterly paid a morning visit to Cassandra, and convinced me that there exists patch-work of another nature, as worthless and as laborious as my cousin's hangings and drapery. Upon seeing the Baronet's dennet drive up to the door, she assured me that he was the best informed, and the most polished man in Europe; that every where his company was courted; that he had a cover at every dinner

of *dilletanti*; that no *conversazione* went off well without him; that ladies of all ages delighted in him, and that he had a mind more stored with learning and anecdote, than any man in the world; so great a promise was difficult to fulfil; such a variety of talent most rare to unite; such high pretensions almost impossible to justify; but allowing for partiality and the extremes in female praise, let us give the Baronet fair play. He enters, makes a courtly bow, and begins the conversation *en maître*. "What a sqeeze," said my cousin, "at the Countess's opening of her new house last night!" "True, Madam," said the Baronet; "but the eye and the ear were equally charmed; I never saw a finer collection of paintings, or better chosen ornaments and furniture; the concert was *à ravir;* and her ladyship was the *ne plus ultra* of exquisite good breeding and elegance. There was a Rubens of the very highest value in the lilac room, a Michael Angelo in the concert room which transfixed me, a Titian which breathed, a Luca Giordano which spoke,

and, over that beautiful chimney piece of Parian marble, as fine a Teniers as ever I saw. The mirrors, too, were excellent, which made the reflection of beauty divine; *à-propos*, the harp concerto of the right honourable amateur was exquisite; and that *bravura* of Sir Exotic, quite thrilling. 'Twas, however, terribly cold on the ground staircase, a perilous transition from the climate of Bencoolen to that of Kamschatka." "Very cooling indeed," said my cousin, who is no great geographer. "Every thing was perfect but the want of heating the passages sufficiently," said the first speaker, taking breath and snuff at the same time; my cousin mean while looked all admiration.

Well, thought I to myself, we have here a dash of the artist, or at least, of the very able amateur, a taste of Latin, a scrap of French, a piece of gallantry, and a ragged remnant of punning wit, concluding with a selvage of distant travels, and far fetched descriptive. But let us listen.—

"How is your brother the member, and

what news ?" "George is pretty well; but fatigued with last night's long debate. He is as stern a politician, and as rigid a patriot, as if he had been bred for the Areopagus, and as if he boasted Athenian instead of British origin." My cousin laughed. "Very good, indeed! heathen origin! How very rigid he must be." The Baronet smiled. "Yes madam, he is *trop sévère;* he is for giving too great preponderance to the third estate." "To his third estate," interrupted my cousin, "pray is that the Warwickshire property ?" "No, my dear lady, the lower house; and you must observe how matters are turning; you must see as well as myself, how the aristocracy is falling. Ha!" taking up his glass and looking out of the window, "my Lord Gander, on horseback, by all that's preposterous! . But to return to our subject. The Commons are growing frightfully powerful: and my philosopher of a brother is quite angry with the Prince for having turned his back upon all his old friends, as if it were possible not to be

"*Uno in piazzo altro in palazzo.*"—"Very true," cried my cousin, who does not know a word of Italian.—

"By the bye, the King of France has thrown himself upon the shoulders of his marshals, and rests his strength intirely on the odious Buonapartists. This the revolutionists call throwing himself into the arms of his people. The *ultras* have taken umbrage at this; and betwixt two—there is a vulgar proverb which polished lips cannot pronounce; but the application is just enough; *je ne me mêle pas de la politique étrangère;* the fine arts employ all my time. But I wish the King well; he is like *Henri Quatre*, the honestest man in his country. Besides the Chatterlys are descended from the blood royal of France, in direct line from Judith, the wife of Louis *le Debonnaire.*"

Here I lost sight of the Baronet, in a very lengthy genealogical account of his ancestry, which carried him so high, that I wonder not at his losing sight not only of us humble mortals present, but of himself.

Returned from on high, he condescended to praise the robe and tiara of the young Duchess of Melrose, and recited an *impromptu,* made on a lotus flower, by his niece. He next hinted, that he had made grand discoveries at the dinner of *literati* at Lord Dunder's, which amounted to nothing novel in science, but to an intended match betwixt the beautiful Miss Mortimer and a *sexagénaire* of the House of Peers. He observed, that if there was any thing in *craniology*, his lordship's temples had not come to their maturity of growth. He likewise hinted that Colonel Philimore had eloped with Lady Myrtle, and that they had fled to the continent. After this, he made a poodle dog leap over his arm, looked at his watch, appeared astonished at the lapse of time, but accounted for it by the pleasant company he was in. He canvassed gratitude and applause by a glance at my cousin and myself. Then observing he was engaged to a French play, performed by amateurs, and to a masquerade, not forgetting a noless masked ministerial dinner, he took his leave.

For twenty minutes afterwards, my cousin rung the changes on his wonderful acquirements, and on his variety of talent. "How he must have studied! how he must have seen! what a head! what a charming creature!" She then asked me if I was not astounded by so much perfection? and what I thought of this paragon? "Just what I do of your patch-work," answered I; and I lost her good opinion from that moment.

The fact is, that Sir Charles is the laziest of beings. He has never read, he knows nothing but by name; he has skimmed the surface of just sufficient matter to amplify phrases, and to swell trivial conversations into something bearing an important air; he has no opinion, no firmness of principle, but he is good-humoured and showy. His morning is passed in these circular visits to more ignorant and more trifling beings than himself; and the possession of rank and fortune admits him into all polished evening parties. There he gleans the little scandal and anecdote of the day, picks up scraps, connects them together, colours them with

a few trite quotations, and places them in the vacancies which offer amongst his admiring acquaintance. What gilded counterfeiting is this! yet the Baronet is not *unique dans son espèce*. Too many of the same description daily pass in review before

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. CIV.

A MORNING IN HIGH LIFE.

"————————— disguise it as you will,
To right or wrong 'tis fashion guides us still:
A few, perhaps, rise singularly good,
Defy and stem the fool-o'erwhelming flood;
The rest to wander from their brethren fear,
As social herrings in large shoals appear."

WHARTON.

A MORNING IN HIGH LIFE.

Mrs. Courtly is a woman of about thirty; she has the remains of transcendant beauty; and her manners are captivating. Her education has been of the very first class; she has always moved in high life; and is a perfect woman of the world,—polite, elegant and exquisitely accomplished. She married at sixteen, and became a widow at four and twenty. She had always lived in splendour with her husband; and was left with a jointure of three thousand pounds per annum. Her personal attractions and her handsome provision, drew many suitors,—brought many to bend the knee before the shrine of beauty, and to become candidates for her hand and fortune.

A poor peer, a ruined baronet, an economical Scotch member of Parliament, four striking exquisites, and three selfish guardsmen, the younger sons of nobility, were foremost on her list; not to mention an immediately rejected Irish fortune hunter, and a *soi-disant* broken hearted fashionable sprig of divinity, who still languishes and goes through divers amatory stratagems and devices, in order to find favor in the sight of the widow. The motive for breaking off all these negotiations was, that Mrs. Courtly would not allow any control over her property, a great part of which must leave her if she remarries, and every one of these deeply-in-love swains, had an eye to the purse as well as to the person.

All this time the lovely widow (who is yet a superb candle-light beauty) appeared at court, and in all the gay circles no one dresses better. Her horses, carriages, and servants are of the very first taste and correctness. No one entertains better. Her house is fitted up like a fairy palace: superb fu..iture, porcelain, cut glass, sta-

tues, pictures of the Roman and Flemish school, and satin hangings, give an air almost of eastern magnificence to her spacious mansion. At her *fêtes*, chalked floors, a display of plate, the rarest green-house and hot-house plants, the richest viands, with a profusion of pines and ices, and the choisest wines, characterize her assemblages of fashion.

Pleasing in her manners, Mrs. Courtly is a favourite with every one; and no one has more the appearance of prosperity and felicity than she. But it is not so. I was at college with her husband, and have been acquainted with her for twelve years; I am now become a complete *ami de la maison*, and can plainly see that she is a victim to splendid misery, affluent poverty, and magnificent distress. The parade of splendour and plenty disguises the want of every comfort; as often the velvet mantle, and the purple garb,—the imperial ermine, and the glitter of gold, cover a broken or a diseased heart, imprisoned in an aching bosom,

where all is coldness, want of comfort, poverty and despair.

She sent for me one morning for my advice. I shall never forget it; her eyes were sleepless, and her pulse was quick; her hands were parched and feverish; and she was altogether a picture of smiling anguish. At my entrance into her breakfast room, she rose up with forced gaiety, struggled at a smile, motioned the servant to withdraw, and said, "I am delighted to see you; I want to consult you about a fancy ball." "The last which you gave," replied I, "has served the *beau monde* for town talk ever since." Here she heaved a deep sigh; and placing her forefinger on her lip, like the picture of silence, replied in an altered tone of voice, "I know it has, and I have paid for it severely; I must give these entertainments; I must keep up this establishment; I cannot part with a horse, or discharge a servant; I cannot change my mode of living nor my expensive *parure*; else should I be ruined.

"But, my good friend, the morning's reflection is like a sepulchral pall thrown over the past pleasure of the night; it darkens every prospect; it kills every enjoyment; it destroys — it cuts off hope, and points out ruin, despair, and indigent age, if ever I attain to it." Here she wept. A knock came to the door, "not at home," whispered she from the top of the stairs. I heard many clamorous claimants. She seemed scarcely to breathe. I took her by the hand, and tried to comfort her. The door shut she breathed; she smiled through a tear, and cast a grateful look upwards.

"These are my mornings," continued she: "every strange voice alarms me; the opening of the door makes me start like the timid hare; a strange knock at my gate transfixes me; I am dunned by letter, and personally insulted by low wretches; muttered at by my unpaid servants; controlled by my man of business; the slave of my steward; a prey to every money-lender; but, above all, I am a prey to self-condem-

nation; and yet I have never injured any one: what have I done to be thus wretched?" She wept again. "Without that ether and opium, (pointing to a phial) I could not live; yet does it undermine my health, scatter my bloom, and bring me to premature old age.

"I assure you," continued she, taking some drops in a glass of water, "that I am ruled by my servants and my tradesmen, and have no will of my own. My dress-maker, my lace merchant, my silk mercer, my maid, my milliner, and my florist force what they please upon me. I must take what they please, in order to swell out their ample bill, and must do what they please, in order to discharge it—pay interest, find security, make presents; in short, there is no end to it.

"How many women of fashion envy me! and yet who would envy me, if they knew all? My plate is gone, my diamonds are all pledged; my cellar is empty, no one will trust me with a meal, — so well am I known to all the tradesmen of the west

end of the town; my half-yearly dividend is forestalled; and yet must I give a dinner to twelve of the *élite* of fashion this day, whose judicious eyes will soon perceive any want; and who will, after they have partaken of my feast, turn me into ridicule and lacerate my reputation without mercy. To send round cards, saying, that I am indisposed is a stale trick, and my servants will not only betray me, but become insufferably insolent. What is to be done?"

"What sum will produce what you want?" said I. "Let me see," replied the fair widow:—"a dinner from a tavern for twelve people at two guineas a head, wine included, may do very well; I expect a present of fruit: and I have still credit for liqueurs;—then the hire of plate." Here she made the calculation, and I advanced the money.—I dined with her, the party went off very gaily, and I, seeing the butler's sulkiness in the morning, slipped a guinea into his hand, which bought his respect for four and twenty hours.

I returned the next morning; and found

fresh duns, fresh difficulties, and fresh misery. Her appearance still more dejected, and ruin still more impending; but on her confessing the extent of her incumbrance, I pointed out a remedy which she has had good sense enough to adopt, and which I shall, here, name as briefly as possible.

During the last six years, she had lived at the rate of above six thousand per annum; having only three thousand pounds to answer these demands. In order to make head against her difficulties, she had raised money by way of annuity, and was paying two thousand annually to her annuitants; her plate and her jewels were pledged for two thousand pounds more; she owed three hundred pounds to her butler only, and nearly five hundred pounds in servants' wages to the other domestics of her household; and she was besides, deeply in debt to all her tradespeople. Every day brought law expences, inflicted exposure, and accelerated her total destruction. Her credit was lost; and she was obliged to deal with usurers and cheats in every shape, and

to pay cent. per cent., for every article which she bought, or procured on trust,

I advised her to sell her furniture, to take a cottage, to put her affairs into the hands of trustees; to reduce her establishment very greatly, to alter all her habits, and to give up her circle. To this, however, she would not listen. Death, she said, would be less painful than disgrace. How could she quit the gay circle in which she moved! how endure becoming the town talk! how suffer bitter reflection in a life of seclusion! At last I prevailed upon her to go abroad for five years, and to leave the rest to me; and, I am happy to announce the certainty of her returning free from debt of every kind.

Her allowance, I limited at five hundred per annum; her establishment to one maid, one man-servant, and a travelling carriage, to have horses put to it only when wanted; and thus have I cleared her of twenty-four thousand pounds debt; an honest banker advancing the money, and taking her income into his hands. Four thousand pounds of

usurious demands we struck off; tradesmen's bills are reduced to two thousand; the surplus on plate and jewels, when fairly sold, is two thousand; unnecessary things returned make other two thousand; the sale of furniture and pictures, leaving sufficient to furnish a cottage on her return, or even a small town house, has produced eight thousand; and lastly, to meet the remaining six thousand pounds, one thousand five hundred for five years, are appropriated; making in all a surplus of fifteen hundred; which with the carriages and horses sold, will more than pay the interest of money advanced.

I confess that this statement is a little dry and financial; but as it saved a friend from ruin, and as the case applies to so many fashionable sufferers, I owe its disclosure to society. The putting off of the evil day; the clinging adherence to pleasure; the unwillingness to be weaned from high and fashionable life; the fear of exposure, and the want of courage to lay the axe at the

root of the evil, ruin thousands. An amiable woman is particularly to be pitied when thus enthralled; and, that Mrs. Courtly's example may benefit all who are in a similar predicament, is the warmest wish which at this moment actuates and guides both the hand and heart of

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. CV.

A SCENE IN THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

" 'Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word,
And lo! two puddings smoked upon the board."

POPE.

A SCENE IN THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

"ORDER the carriage, John; and tell Mrs. Bennet to bring my shawl."—"Which, madam?" — "My India shawl—no—my French shawl—or my pelisse trimmed with ermine; and John—"—"Madam." —"Tell that confectioner never more to dare to give a double knock at a gentleman's door, and if he is saucy kick him down stairs—and John—"—"Madam."— "If that reduced gentlewoman comes, tell her never to darken my doors again. A pretty thing to have shabby genteels rapping at one's house! What may some of my quality friends think? Why, that she's an acquaintance, or a poor relation, and so

disgrace your master and me. Such trumpery ought to be shown down the *airy*."

"What shall I say to the tailor that made your habit?" said John. "Why, tell him that he is an ignorant, presumptuous *fellor*; and bid him know his distance, and keep his place. Tell him not to dare to send in his filthy bill, until the end of the year, and then he'll be told when he may wait on me to be paid. Folks of fashion never pay but once in two years; and that only when they are rich, like your master and me, and have nothing better to do with their money. As for me, I've got my box at the Hopera to pay for, and to my milliner a swinging bill, and one hundred pound for ices and fruits, and my debts of honor besides."

"But, madam, the man is very poor!" "So much the worse! If he'd any merit he'd be rich. But that comes of employing such vermin. I only did it to please Lady Virginia Sensitive, a silly woman; and I never will again employ any workman who does'nt keep his carriage. Not that I ap-

prove of the lower order of people aping us; but I must have a creditable tradesman, who works for all the quality and can bear keeping out of his money for some years." "The man has a large family, madam, and will be put in prison if he has not your small amount." "My small amount, fellor! a paltry ten pounds for making and altering! and after all I look like a hog in armour, in the habit. I don't care if he goes to prison; and as for his small family, what is his family to me or your master? Such reptiles ought not to marry and to burthen the parish with their brats, whereby they interfere with the luxuries of the higher orders. Is one to punish one's-self in one's appearance and appointments, because a scurvy workman must fall in love with some trollop and marry her, and so give the higher classes his family to keep?"

"Ma'am, your uncle was here to-day and was very earnest for an answer to his letter." "Here, give Mr. Norris a one pound note; but ne[illegible] dare to call him my uncle. Tell him i[illegible] the last that he must

expect, and that if he persists in dishonoring me by calling, I will send for a constable to take him up.

"But hark, who's that a making such a noise?" "It's George and Laura, ma'am," "George and Laura, ma'am! pray, sirrah, who do you call George and Laura? Do you mean Master George Augustus, Frederick and Miss Laura Zephira Constantia Budge, the only children of John Budge, Esq. of Aliger Hall and of Myrtle Lodge? How durst you, sirrah, speak thus familiarly of your master's and my children? You must be better drilled! For example, when I went out of the library t'other day, there you stood like a stake, staring like a stuck pig, and grinning like a Cheshire cat, instead of having a respectful and composed appearance, and putting up your hand to your hat! And then, you fool, you play with the lapdog when you follow me, instead of walking bolt upright, like a quality servant. But that comes of taking louts out of the country. You know I have given you warning, and so you must bundle

next month; and I shall look out for Lord Philander's black, as is out of place. I'll be bound he knows what's what, and can behave as he ought to a lady.

"Come, call the footboy; I wish the brat was not so short; and let him put on his new livery with the double gold lace and tags, and do you the same; and don't forget to take your cane with you, nor to use it neither in brushing off the beggars when I descend from my carriage, that I may have a free passage, and go out like myself. Come, stir your stumps! What are you gaping at? And let Mrs. Bennet tell your master, as I dines at half-past seven, and goes afterwards to a consort."

Should the reader wish to know Mrs. Budge's history, it is as follows:—

Mrs. Budge is the daughter of a day labourer, who left her on the parish. Her mamma imitated her betters, and took unto herself a second husband, during the life of her first one. Dolly Budge entered the service of Mr. Specious, an attorney, as maid of all work. Her place was so much

in the general line, that in a few months her appearance was rather equivocal. John Budge, at that time, made a shining character of his master, by bestowing on his old boots the only polish about him. He also swept the counting-house; and occasionally volunteered his services as a bailiff's follower; thus, being literally at the foot of his profession.

Dolly looked always rather high; so that one day, in a paroxysm of rage, she almost strangled her master, on account of her unhappy situation. Now, the attorney, who had always a dread of being throttled, and thought that many a clever man goes out of the world that way, determined upon getting rid both of Dolly and Co. He accordingly one day called up John, and offered him a bargain of her, which John accepted "at one hundred pounds of good and lawful money of the realm." John was now promoted to be a clerk, and Dolly was made an honest woman of, and set up in the brokering line, which although it did not improve her honesty, yet very much increas-

ed her fortune. John Budge was active, sly, bold, and had no qualms of conscience. He was moreover a hard swearer (a most useful thing in his and his wife's trade); and at length, betwixt valuations and executions, and ejectments and sales, this worthy couple grew into great affluence.

Mr. Budge now became partner in the house of Specious and Budge, and the former being suddenly arrested by death in his progress, left the business to Mr. Budge. The goodwill of Mrs. Budge's shop (who by the bye, had never shown good will to any one) was sold at a high price, and she now became an attorney's lady. Next, business throve so, that Mr. Budge did the whole by deputy, and set up for a man of fashion, with his carriages, town and two country houses, and every *et cætera* of high life.

Fortune can thus make rich and powerful those who have been poor, abject and base; but to make a gentleman or a lady is beyond her power. Humanity, education, grace, polish and accomplishments, are not purchasable commodities. King James was

so well aware of this, that when a needy but ambitious Scot called upon him and requested him to make a gentleman of him,—"Nay, nay,"—said the king, "I cannot do that;—I can make you a duke; but I canna make you a gentleman."

When we therefore reflect, not only on the origin of Mrs. Budge, but on her former trade, habits and education, we shall the less wonder at her upstart pride, at her immeasurable vulgarity, and at the total absence of humanity, in her composition. But what is most lamentable is, that she does not stand alone in her species, nor in society: several such *ladies* have been met in the course of life by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. CVI.

COURAGE.

"The thief doth fear each bush an officer."

SHAKESPEARE.

COURAGE.

Colonel Alworthy is as brave a man as any in Europe. He has frequently been tried, and is said to be of a coolness and courage in the field, almost unexampled. To this gallant quality he adds a generosity of disposition which ennobles the heart. How many fellow-officers has he rescued from ruin! how many a companion in arms has he taken out of a sponging-house! He divided his fortune with his only sister, and now appropriates a pension, which he has for his wounds, to the payment of an allowance to two widows, the one of a brother officer, the other of his covering serjeant, who, when the Colonel commanded a

company, previous to his advance in rank, was shot dead, in the act of filling up his place, while he was carried wounded to the rear. Lastly, ever faithful to his duty and devoted to the service of his country, he went in very bad health to the West Indies, at the imminent risk of his life, and came home with an irrecoverably broken constitution.

As courage, however, is generally comparative and seldom universal, we were talking one day at Lord Useless's, of the different species, and how they varied in different characters. The soldier, for instance, who would advance coolly up to the mouth of a cannon, and the dragoon, who would charge the frightful square columns with a rear flank of bullets whizzing round his head, and a front rank of murderous pikes and bayonets staring him in the face, and ready to embowel horse and man, might draw back at a duel, the single bullet of a pistol, shrink from an assassin armed with a gory poignard, or even pull up, and hesitate at a five-barred gate or a six-feet wall, a

lofty fence or a double ditch, when in the field of the sportsman. Then again, the tried veteran of an officer would (whether from prejudice, education, or habit, matters not) accept the single combat, but would not ford a rivulet in order to shorten his road, off duty, upon any consideration. Yet the gentleman sportsman, the huntsman, the whipper-in, the fisherman, or the game-keeper, will ford rivers, pass morasses, leap fences, face the bleak moor and midnight storm, and encounter dangers of various forms and complexions, to accomplish his amusement, or discharge his inglorious vocation. We next came to dangers by sea, asserting that the seaman would whistle when the landsman would shake for fear.

The result of all these comparisons was a variety of opinion. One alleged that courage was education; another, that it was habit; a third, that it was the ignorance of danger; a fourth, that it was honour; a fifth, that it was interest which produced intrepidity in perilous circumstances; but all agreed that no one was

always, and every where, courageous alike; "for," said one of our orators, "neither the soldier nor the sailor dare run away or flinch —another death would await him were he to shrink from danger, and the officer's honour and fortune, as well as his life, depend upon his courage in the field." The duellist may be mad, or drunk, or so good a shot, or so dexterous a swordsman, that he runs but half the risk of a less experienced man. The horseman confides in his skill: so does the charioteer. One man's pride is excessive, and he puts it in a counterbalancing scale with his fear. It kicks the beam; and the warrior or duellist fights for renown, for a title, or perhaps for a trifling point of honour, or a more trifling lady, with not an honourable feeling or principle about her.

"But who is the man," said Lord Useless, "who would always be ready to face any kind of peril, merely to support the character of one to whom fear was a stranger? Where's the timid horseman who would mount a vicious horse for the sake of keep-

ing up his name for courage?" Here the wine circulated freely; and many rash and silly bets were made. "Where's the man," cried Captain O'Shaughnesy, "who'd rather fight than let it alone? Who would tread upon the toes of *a fire-eater*, and take a chance for a shot?" "Such a man," said I, "is a madman, a dangerous member of society, and fit for Saint Luke's." "Not at all," said the Captain. "A madman, indeed!" in a tone of surprize! "Why," added I, "what sort of a man do you call him?" "An Irishman!" replied the bold Captain (a loud laugh). "Or an Englishman," coolly observed the Colonel. "To be sure," said the Captain; "or any man that *is a man*." This explanation was so clear, that it needed no comment. What he meant was, any desperate fellow; and what the Colonel meant was, not to allow courage to be exclusively claimed by our Hibernian brothers.

A foolish young madcap, just from college, proposed drinking until daybreak, and

then going steeple hunting. The motion was seconded by the Hibernian. My lord put the question very pointedly to the Colonel, who cheerfully agreed to the proposals; and this I the more regretted, as I saw that he did it from a point of honour. I wished to dissuade him from so mad a scheme; but he told me that he could not draw back. The party started. The Colonel led the van. He had a bad fall, and broke his collar bone. I visited him during his confinement, and gave testimony to his daring spirit, which nothing could subdue. "Such has he been all his life," said a comrade of his. "No dangers, pains, losses, fatigues, or difficulties, appal him; and he is as good as he is brave." We both agreed in this point; and I quoted him every where for a man of the strongest nerve.

We were separated for a few years during his absence on the continent, when on calling on him to make a morning visit, I had cause to marvel very much at the change that had been operated upon his nerves. Coming

hastily into the chamber, he started like the timid hare, was in the act of retreating to his dressing room, shook like an aspen, turned pale, stammered and hesitated, and at last articulated, "I beg your pardon, I am so nervous of late; you took me by surprize, for I had in fact denied myself to every one, but—I am heartily glad to see you." He was very absent during the whole time of my visit, and started at every knock at the door. I therefore made but a short stay, and left him to recover his *sang froid*, and self-possession, astonished at so unaccountable a state as that in which I found him.

Shortly afterwards, I met him in the Park; and we walked arm in arm together down Picadilly, and into St. James's Street. About midway betwixt the crossing from Arlington Street and the palace, his countenance changed, he appeared panic-struck, and hastily letting go my arm, said, "I must leave you, my dear friend; I see a fellow coming whom I want to avoid." Then tak-

ing almost to his heels (for he marched off in double-quick time), I saw him dash through a cross street into the square, flying before a mean looking rascal, who followed him until he was out of breath, and gave up the pursuit. The ensuing week, this mystery was cleared up, by Captain O——'s informing me, that the poor Colonel was in the Bench.

How humiliating to think that this intrepid commander should thus be the sport of fortune! that the curse of debt should thus fix a stain upon his honour, and even operate upon his courage! that he who had faced the cannon's devouring jaws of flame, dare not confront a paltry tailor, a greasy shoemaker, or a saucy usurer! that he who had put the enemies of his country to flight must now be chased like the driven deer by the money-lender, attorney, bum-bailiff, and merciless creditor! How can a proud man endure debt? since it brings him instantly below the level of the meanest tradesman. And yet, how do we see our peers, and other

nobles of the land, stoop to their importunate creditors! how does that haughtiness, which disdained a while ago to fix its look upon an humble commoner, which would not link arm in arm with any thing beneath a title, nor acknowledge a fellow-creature, unless clad in the last folly of fashion and expense, bend to grasp the palm, to invite the company, to solicit the friendship and indulgence of a shopkeeper! what lies to keep him out of his house! what civilities, promises, and kindnesses, if let in!

How, moreover, do the camelion complexion, and protean features of the *boutiquaire*, change with the variability of his debtor's prosperity! how does the barometer of his impertinence rise and fall, with the improvement or declension of his customer's pocket. How free he makes with my lord, when he has him in his debt! yet what a slave is he to the rich man, in origin, perchance, the basest of the base! How does that supple knee, that lowly deportment, that cringing countenance and pliant neck,

erect themselves in pride, insolence, and rigour, when they pass from the solicitor for employment, to the demander of its price, when the fawning, flattering, and humble voice, passes through the transition from "Your Grace does me honor; Your Lordship's commands shall be punctually obeyed; I am most grateful to the noble Baronet for his recommendation, and shall strive to merit his future favors;" to "Indeed, my Lord, I can wait no longer; I must have my money; I have been put off so often that I can place no reliance on promises;" (what a gross insult! less has cost a life in the field of honor;) or, "Sir George, I shall call no more; I shall take other steps; I can't be troubled any more about it; I have worn out more shoe leather (always a lie) than the bill is worth." Or, "Mr. Larceny (the footman), tell your master that I shall take a writ out against him; I'm not to be trifled with thus." Yet this same Mr. Mahogany, or Mr. Pinchbeck, would make sixteen bows for as many shillings the week before!

Would any man, who makes his honor, his consequence, his peace, or his independence, submit to such a debasement? I trust that the lesson may yet be of use to the novice; and that thus, the gentleman and the tradesman may each preserve his rights; for the gentleman has a right to be respected; and the tradesman to be paid, as he always shall be by

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. CVII.

SCOTTISH DISCREETNESS.

" And though no science, fairly worth the seven."

POPE.

SCOTTISH DISCREETNESS.

The virtues of the Caledonian are many. Amongst the most prominent are bravery, fidelity, temperance, prudence, and hospitality. There is, however, another, which is almost a negative virtue; since it has, for its basis, self-interest and self-love; and yet it screens the possessor from many exposures, from many expenses, and from many difficulties. *Discretion* is its name,—not taken in the literal sense in which the Englishman understands it, but extended generally over the Scottish character, not merely for the purpose of using prosperity with moderation, or of observing secrecy with

fidelity, but for many other ends of national convenience.

A man is recommended as a lover because he is "a discreet lad." Now it is not, in order that the Caledonian lassie should trust him o'er muckle, or abandon herself beyond the bounds of prudence to him, for she too is a discreet lass; but because a discreet lad will be a discreet husband, and take good care of the main chance. He will also use discretion in every thing connected with their mutual interests. However they may differ at home, he will be discreet enough not to let the report go abroad. If he err for a moment, he will be too discreet to let his wife know it; and "what the eye don't see, the heart cannot grieve at," or, as the Italian says, "*Peccato celato e mezzo perdonato.*"

Sandy and Sandy's wife are liable to frailties; but they are aye o'er discreet to trouble their neighbours *aboot* it, or to expose their follies in the meridian of notoriety as English and Irish fashionables do. Generally they are good domestic and ex-

cellent matrimonial characters; and when they are not so, why they "make believe," as the children say.

Again, the Caledonian loves the bottle in moderation, and would give and take good cheer if in his power; but he is too discreet to be caught in scrapes like our ruffians and rakes of fashion. He slips awa aye *discreetly*, and never quarrels about paying the reckoning as Pat *indiscreetly* does. He's too weel bred to dispute aboot treating, too discreet to outrun the constable, and too cautious to let the constable outrun him. He is too moderate to be a laughing-stock in his cups, and too honest to pay the reckoning "with a sprig of shilelah, and shamrock so green;" which is sometimes Pat's way of *club*-ing for the bill.

The word discreet, again, applies even to his loyalty; for he is too discreet to expose the honor of his country, go where he will; he would not affront auld Caledonia, nor affront himself for a' the world. The laugh seldom goes against Sandy; or, if it does, he finds his interest in the thing. The West

Briton, the Cambrian, the country bumpkin, let out their ignorance, and make their blunders in town; but if Sandy let out his seeming ignorance, it is to the best advantage; if Sandy seem simple, it is because simplicity is most advantageous, and pays best upon the occasion.

Sandy's love for his country often keeps him dumb, for fear of bringing discredit on his native *toon* and his native tongue; but he makes up for his silence and reserve by keen observation, and diligent listening; both of which he turns to his own account in future, and to the honor and benefit of his *natale solum*. In praising, he is no niggard, for there he runs no risk; but in condemning, in innovating, in rallying, he is very prudent. In advice, he is cautious also, for there great discretion is necessary; and a discreet body never gives gratuitous advice, never ventures on this most slippery ground, without being sure of receiving either the meed of praise, or the remuneration of service.

The Caledonian is seldom satirical, be-

cause he is too steady and discreet to be mercurial; he has more *d'à-plomb* than levity, and he has the good sense to know that "a wit's a feather." He has judgment enough to be aware that a wag has few friends, and perhaps, deserves but few; for he spares neither friend nor foe in his rage for playing upon his companions, in his ambition of eclipsing his fellow men.

The discretion of Sandy aye leads him to feel his way, ere he broach a new opinion; ere he venture on a subject which may be hazardous in a general mixed company. So cautious, so cool, so quiet, and gentle, is the Caledonian in leading, so modest in remark, that if he saw your house were on fire, he would strongly *suspect* something combustible about the dwelling! If a man in company commit himself, so as to talk like a maniac, and to deliver sentiments offensive to all around, Sandy would strongly *suspect* "that the gentleman was in a mistake."

This discreetness (as he sometimes calls it) does not proceed from timidity, but from circumspection; for, to be taken by surprize

is what a good general always avoids; and although his heart and hand are as firm and as kind as any man's, you must give the countersign before you open either, and, when applied to, "he will take a thought" before he answer you; and, as the Scot is gifted with second sight, another man's second thought becomes twice two, his fourth reflection.

Seldom or never is Sandy severe at the expense of a countryman; more for fear of libelling old Scotland, than of affronting the man. To turn a Scot into ridicule is coming too near home, it might by a *ricoché*, and by a recoiling action, light upon himself. Nay more, he honestly dislikes the measure, and feels for his country brother as for himself. However, when he sees the vein of humour run that way, when the tide is so strong, that he cannot stem it, so as to keep a brother above water (which, by the bye, is very amiable) he will cunningly take the Caledonian in his own hands, for fear he should be more roughly used by a stranger.

A Scottish recruit once joined the army at Bombay; and when we say a Scottish re-

cruit, we mean a greenhorn of an officer. He was troubled with a cutaneous distemper, of what nature matters not; and (as he had heard of the thing in India) he complained of the prickly heat. The English and Irish officers laughed; and the surgeon looked quizzing-like. Sandy M'Gregor, an officer of rank, present, had a feeling for the young man (who afterwards turned out a most valuable officer); and he was apprehensive lest he should be too much played upon by the young ones. He therefore took the joke upon himself, and took his countryman in his own hands, in order to turn off all national reflections. "I strongly suspect," said the veteran, "that you brought that heat a' the way from Speyside; but you young lads are aye sleeping in strange beds, and lying wi' strangers, instead of keeping discreetly at home." This was completely averting the shaft of ridicule; and every one was disappointed except the recruit, who received a favor and a useful lesson at the same time.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. CVIII.

LEAVING TOWN.

" On parchment wings his acres take their flight,
And his unpeopled groves admit the light."

JENYNS.

LEAVING TOWN.

"WHO the devil told you to say that I was leaving town?" "The post-horses were standing at the door." "Yes, for this last half hour; but I have been besieged, perplexed, embargoed, fired at shot and shell, for these three hours, by a whole regiment of tradesmen, whose bills, more destructive than Congreve's rockets, and longer than the longest lancer's instrument of destruction, assail me on every side. But I shall discharge you, sirrah; for I know your tricks; you have sold me; you have been round to these shopkeeping rascals, and have taken a per-centage, for the intelligence of my leaving town; on which

account this quire of paper, in the form of bills, is discharged at me, (not discharged by him)." Go down stairs, and tell them all to come in an hour, for I shall be gone by that time; or to call on my agent in Lincoln's Inn; or to go to ———."

I just walked into the room at the end of this gust of passion, and heard thus much of it, from Sir Robert Rackrent. He was on the point of going into the country; and this was the scene betwixt him and his *valet de chambre.* "Sit down, my good fellow," said he to me; "I am very glad to see *you;* but this rascal does not know how to discriminate betwixt friends and foes,—betwixt gentlemen and duns.

"Here," (speaking to his servant), "send up the butler." "He is here, sir." "Pray do you know any thing of a supper sent from *Jacquierés?*" "Yes, sir." "What for?" "You brought home half a dozen friends unexpectedly from the Argyle-rooms." "Friends! confound them all, they might be friends then; but they are enemies now. Why they have drank two dozen of cham-

paigne!" "Yes, sir." "Well, send the coachman here."

"Pray who ordered you to get two new sets of harness in one month?" "The stud groom, sir, *as* you turned away for over fatiguing the Barbary horse." "And who invented the charge of four and twenty mops, of a score of rubbers, of a gross of brushes, and enough of oil to swim in, for the cleaning of my carriages?" "Don't know, sir." "Well then, I do: it is the sadler and you, who go snacks; and you may tell your friend, that he must go to law for his money, and that I'll meet him in a court of justice. You may tell your friend the farrier too, that this is the last bill he shall ever have with me: I will contract for the attendance of my horses. I have detected Mr. Bishop in physicking two more than I have: and in charging for shoeing the roan horse, and the ponies, six weeks after I sold them: but, "master will be in a hurry," said you; he won't look at the bills because he is going out of town." (Exit the servant grumbling).

"My dear fellow, I beg your pardon. See this list of calamities! one hundred and two bills, double what I expected, and three times more than I can pay. It is a fiery ordeal to go through, the leaving town after a spring campaign. I fear that the enemy will be too much for me. My servants have been taking clothes in my name, and making such havoc with my wine, that it is dreadful; and the clubs and parties have swallowed all my ready. I must bolt, I see that. But excuse me one moment.

"Send the housekeeper, John. Pray Mrs. Larceny what has swelled the linen draper's bill to £300? I thought it about thirty." "Sir, we have had a great deal of bed and table linen; and you have had body linen for yourself." "Yes, madam, and I believe some body else has had linen. What is this article of Glasgow muslin, and of a printed pattern gown?" "Why, sir, that was for the Buckinghamshire girl, who came as chambermaid (looking sly)— the pretty girl you know; you gave them things to her." "Well, very well." "Yes,

sir: but she says that she must speak to you before you leave town; — and I, sir, have some debts to settle, and cook won't go without being paid, — and I have no money to pay the washerwoman with; her half year comes to fifty pounds." "There (throwing a note at her), there," (and bundling up all the rest of the unpaid bills, and casting them into the fire) — "I shall not look at you; it is of no use."

"So, (shaking me by the hand) fare ye well, my dear friend; I will write to you from Brighton; (motioning the servants to withdraw) between you and I, I shall slip over to France, for this won't do at all. Three thousand pounds in the last three months! and my income scarcely more than one third of the money. The other gentlemen (in an ironical tone) must wait. I have scarcely left myself enough for my journey; and I must overdraw my banker for my trip across the water. Oh, dissipation! thou art our bane! I wish I had staid in Leicestershire until now. I am in a finescrape amongst them. I shall discharge all my servants,

for they are a gang of thieves.—But fare ye well. (To the servant on the head of the staircase). Is the luggage all on? are the boys mounted? is all ready? no laughing, no delaying!" Then turning to me, "I expect an execution in my house every hour," said he, "for rent and taxes.—So, adieu. —I suppose I shall be torn to pieces in getting through the hall." "Thompson, come into the carriage with me; and let the other fellows mount behind. Come; no delay."

Thus did my friend quit town, amidst the importunities, the reproaches, the entreaties, the threats, and almost the execrations of a passage full of creditors. Unpaid servants, disappointed tradesmen, infuriated applicants, and dejected expectants, surrounded him on every side; his departure was a complete escape; an execution followed it; and his ruin appears very near at hand.

His income was four thousand two hundred a year; but this does not suffice for a few months' residence in town. Indeed one

hour's gaming might dispose of a much larger sum; for there are no bounds to the destruction of play,—no calculation which can meet the demands attendant on this ruinous vice; yet fewer clubs, fewer parties, fewer horses and grooms in the stable; an eye to the accounts as they are contracted; honesty in servants, or, what is more easily commanded, a vigilant eye over them; ready money, or short periodical payments; common order in domestic affairs, and less ambition to ape men of twenty thousand per annum, who can afford all extravagances save only gaming, or to imitate the thoughtless titled or prerogative fashionables who seldom think of paying any thing,—and all might be well.

The baronet is a single man, and might enjoy every comfort and almost every luxury! What surprizes me most is, that a man should sell his freedom, his consequence, his respectability, and his tranquillity, for the amusements of three spring months; whilst such trifling privations, nay even only order and attention, would enable him to treat

those as slaves, to whom he otherwise becomes a slave himself, namely, his creditors and servants,—since no man can call himself free, who labours under debts. His creditor is the master of his person; or, if he be titled or in parliament, he must submit to be kept by his tradesmen, and to be abused and despised at the same time.

Yet such things are; and pleasurable expense seems gaining ground so rapidly, that the evil appears to me to be increasing every day. If young men would but consider the meanness of shifting and shuffling, of denying themselves by "not at home," of sneaking and apologizing, and of running away, they might hold a very different place in public esteem, than they at present do, and not excite so much reprehension from

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

No. CIX.

LONDON DESERTED.

"Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so;
E'en thou who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow,
A solitude almost."

COWLEY.

LONDON DESERTED.

"NEVER less alone than when alone," has long been my motto. Let me wander where I will, provided it be in "dear London," I can draw plenty of amusement from the scene.

Our fashionables, not content with turning night into day, also turn summer into winter, sojourning in town through months of May and June, in heat and dust. In the summer time, therefore, when carriages are rattling about, and Hyde Park exhibits all the fashion and beauty of the kingdom, any one may find entertainment.

In September and October, however, when our quality are at their country seats; when

their *umbræ*, their shades, their copyists, or *fac similes*, are at watering places; when our *beaux* and *belles* who have been ruined by the spring campaign have run over to France; and when our Greeks are travelling to Aix-la-Chapelle, Brussels, or Paris, on voyages of discovery, and in flights after half-plucked pigeons, or those who being only winged, are fled to a more genial clime for the recovering of their plumage; then London is, comparatively speaking, a deserted village: then the dun goes about, dingier than ever, and looks as if he were consumed with green and yellow melancholy. The tradesman takes his pleasure in the environs of the town, drives his tilbury, sports his trim hack, makes his *embarras* at the minor theatres, and often, like Monsieur Calicot, with cossacks or dowlass trowsers, fixed spurs and blue great coats, sports his *mauvais ton*, in the hopes of being taken by a high dressed Cyprian for a gay hussar on king's duty, riding or driving in from Hounslow, or some other barracks in the neighbourhood of London,

whilst the mortar-pounder of an apothecary's apprentice boldly calls himself one of the Lancers, and plays off the airs of a profession far less destructive than his own.

In such a dead season, as it is called, I can still cull materials for pastime and reflection, and am decidedly of the late Duke of Queensberry's opinion, who when asked if he did not find the town very dull about the close of summer, replied, "yes, indeed, but not so dull as the country."

London presents two distinct pictures, *Londra trionfantè, e Londra abandonnata.* But even when abandoned and forsaken, she has charms for me! I frequently saunter through the neglected squares, contemplating hospitable houses which were almost constantly kept open in the gay season, but which are now closely shut up,—ladies' residences where the loves and graces made their haunts complete temples for crowds of admiring votaries; rich bankers' residences where old ten per cent. still pays the weekly visit, but which used to teem with persons of quality selling their time to

the Mammon of unrighteousness, and bartering their consequence and sometimes their titles for money. "That," thought I to myself, viewing a nabob's empty house, —"that is the temple of Mammon again. There did the needy and the interested bow down before the golden calf." Then I viewed the fly-traps and pigeon-holes, the clubs and hells where so many of my friends have been plucked, shorn and fleeced, and made my reflections on all of them.

Standing one day in St. James' Square, and ruminating on the bad taste of its centre, I saw an ill-dressed big Irishman looking vacantly about him, with his mouth open and his hands behind him, as if he had just come to town. At length, fixing his eye on a house belonging to a certain noble lord, which was shut up, he exclaimed, "by my conscience there's a house like its master, full of emptiness." His observation led my eye naturally and unfortunately, first to the vacant dwelling and next to the wit. He soon walked off, and left my coat pocket like his lordship's house, by the loss of a

silk handkerchief and a silver snuff-box.—"Well, *n'importe*," said I; "I have got two or three other boxes; and it serves me right for my curiosity. Moreover this is a trick worthy of the month of May; quite enlivening at this dead season." Thus does every period present its variety—every day brings with it some occurrence to mature our reason, or to augment our store of knowledge.

It is pleasant to see in Grosvenor and Berkeley Squares, the almost square porters of our nobility, who, seated at the open door with a newspaper in their hand, settle in their own minds the affairs not only of the nation, but of the continent, and make as light of crowned heads as if they were not worth half a crown per dozen. It is pleasant, also, to think of the resident house-keeper, or footman and his wife, who, with a double key to their master's cellar, have their *at homes* and their *conversaziones*, their routs and balls, their *déjeûnées à la fourchette*, and their ministerial and anti-ministerial dinners, where the characters of the

noblesse, and the votaries of fashion are exposed, discussed, and dissected in high style. One may also observe sly couples, who make meetings at the houses of our non-resident nobility, entering with a gold or silver key, and making these mansions of elegance mere houses of convenience. Sometimes the female servant is handsome herself; but more generally she is obliging, and Sir John and Lady Mary, the Colonel and the straw-bonnet maker, or the governess, come to town to meet my lord on particular business, are the parties obliged.

St. James's Park, too, is, in the very dullest season, a constant living Panorama. There, do our gallant half-pay officers, mostly from North or West Britain, pass the long hours, counting their battles to an admiring beauty, or to a male visitor from the country; and counting at the same time on a dinner; which is, literally, often "counting without their host." You will see those worthy, but sharp-set gentlemen, laying their plans, either to look at lodgings where the handsomest serving wo-

men are kept, or to circumvolate some rich widow, in order that they may find favor in her eyes.

These, with the discrimination of rich faces, city faces, and money hunting quality countenances, brushing hastily through the town, either to the money market or to the Inns of Court, would amuse an observing person from sun-rise to sun-set. Volumes might be written on the subject; I therefore leave the reader to decide whether London be a dead letter at any period of the year: it is never so for a single day to

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THE END.

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